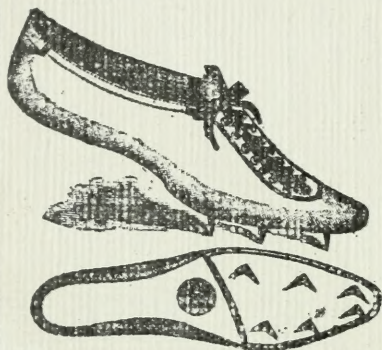


The  
Saint  
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Review

Midsummer  
1912



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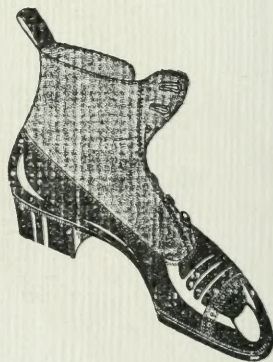


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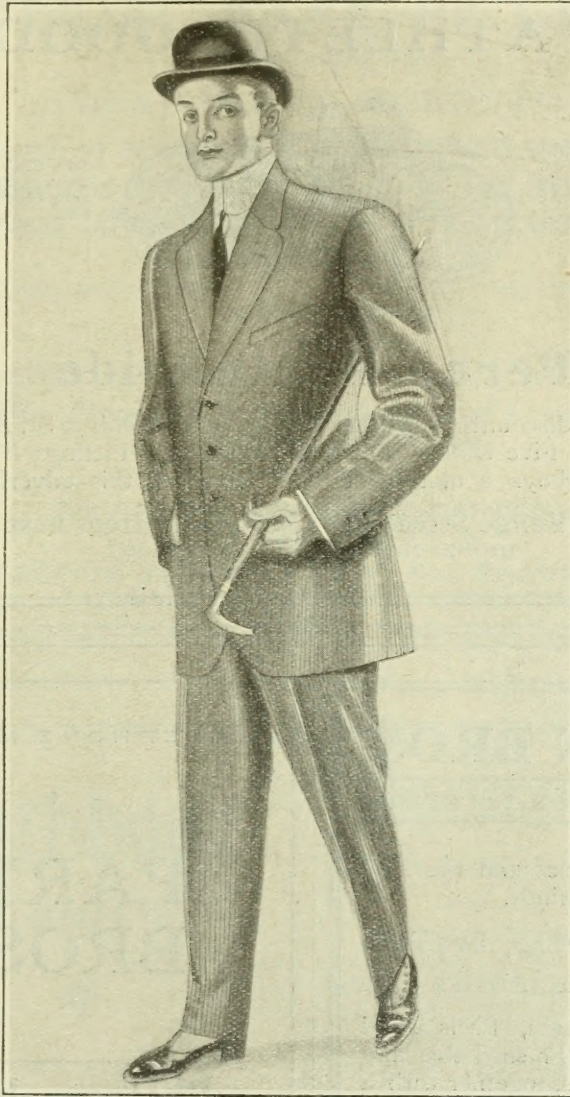


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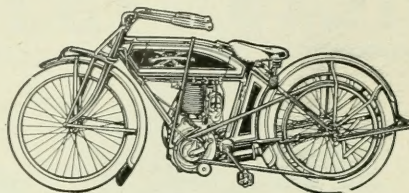
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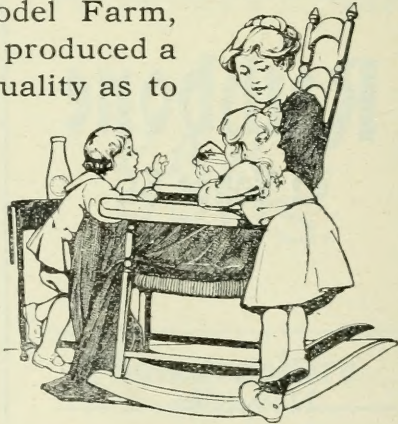
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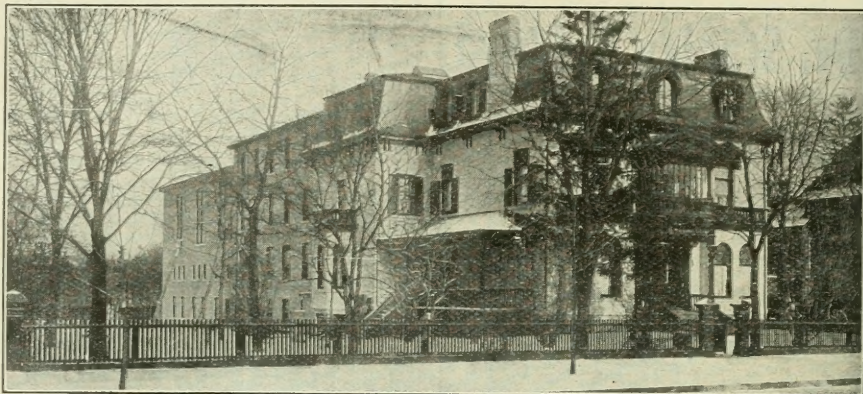
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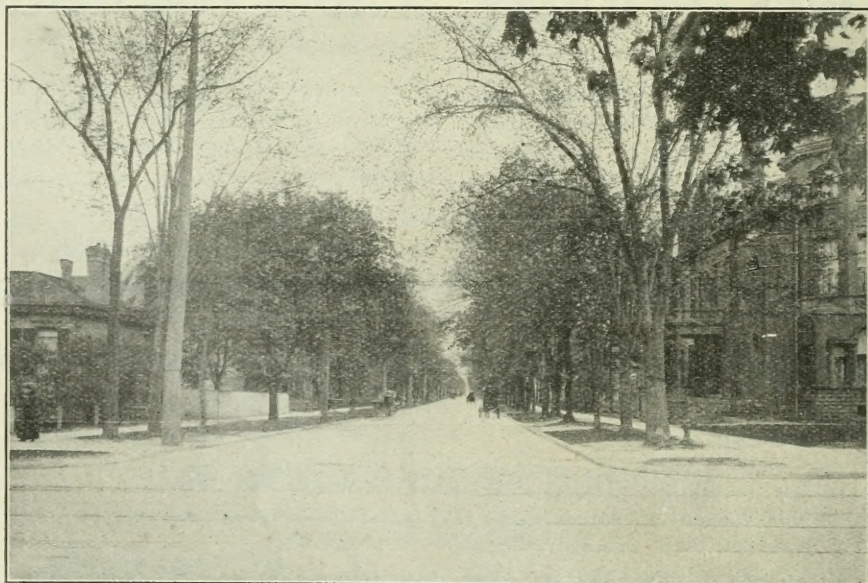
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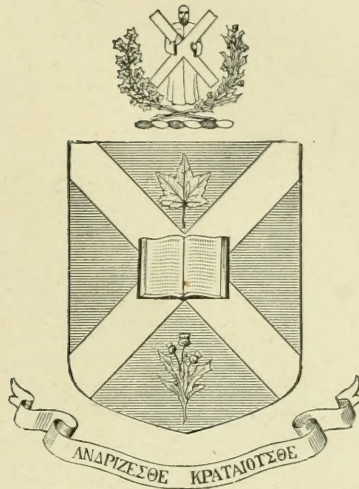
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



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## MIDSUMMER, 1912

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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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REVIEW STAFF.



# St. Andrew's College Review

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MIDSUMMER, 1912

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## MOUNT EREBUS

BY E. H. SHACKLETON.

**K**EEPER of the Southern Gateway, grim, rugged, gloomy and grand;  
Warden of these wastes uncharted, as the years sweep on, you stand.  
At your head the swinging smoke-cloud; at your feet the grinding floes;  
Racked and seared by the inner fires, gripped close by the outer snows.  
Proud, unconquered and unyielding, whilst the untold æons passed,  
Inviolate through the ages, your ramparts spurning the blast,  
Till men, impelled by a strong desire, broke through your icy bars;  
Fierce was the fight to gain that height where your stern peak dares the stars.  
You called your vassals to aid you, and the leaping blizzard rose,  
Driving in furious eddies, blinding, stifling, cruel snows.  
The grasp of the numbing frost clutched hard at their hands and faces,  
And the weird gloom made darker still dim seen perilous places.  
They, weary, wayworn, and sleepless, through the long withering night,  
Grimly clung to your iron sides till with laggard Dawn came the light;  
Both heart and brain upheld them, till the long-drawn strain was o'er,  
Victors then on your crown they stood and gazed at the Western Shore;  
The distant glory of that land in broad splendor lay unrolled,  
With icefield, cape, and mountain height, flame rose in a sea of gold.  
Oh! Herald of returning Suns to the waiting lands below;  
Beacon to their home-seeking feet, far across the Southern snow.  
In the Northland in the years to be, pale Winter's first white sign  
Will turn again their thoughts to thee, and the glamor that is thine.

## Editorials

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**A**FTER a summer term that, owing to the protracted spring, has seemed unusually brief, we are once more on the threshold of our long vacation. Plans for that blissful era are already formed or are simmering in eager brains bent on making the most of every glorious minute. But underneath all the planning, all the happiness, lies the vague feeling of sadness that inevitably besets us when we realize that the parting from good friends is in many cases more than a temporary one. However, such is life, and in time one grows used to this unhappy fact in school life. THE REVIEW extends its best wishes to those who are writing on the approaching exams. To each member of the staff, as well as to every S. A. C. boy, she gives the glad hand, with the hope that the vacation for each and all may be a truly happy and beneficial one.

---

**I**T is with real regret that THE REVIEW announces the departure of Mr. R. A. E. Harris, who is severing his connection with the college to return to England. During his residence with us Mr. Harris has been very popular, and his interest in all college concerns has been productive of much good. He will carry with him the best wishes of his colleagues and of the boys, and THE REVIEW trusts that in his new activities he will find much happiness and all success.

---

**I**N response to the Short Story Competition instituted by THE REVIEW a considerable number of manuscripts were submitted to the judges. All were more or less meritorious, and in the final



decision it was somewhat difficult to make a definite choice. After very careful reading, however, it was agreed that Towers was well entitled to first prize, Spohn to second, and Herschowitz to third. We congratulate the winners, and have pleasure in publishing the successful stories, with one or two others which will doubtless prove of interest. THE REVIEW wishes to thank Mr. Findlay, Mr. Laidlaw, and Mr. Macdonnell for their kindness and trouble in reading and passing judgment upon so large a number of manuscripts.

---

**M**ANY friends heard with sorrow of the death of Mr. A. E. Hamilton, which occurred during the spring term. Mr. Hamilton was on the College staff for two years, and all who were with him must recall his faithful endeavors, his conscientious care, and his unfailing devotion to duty. After leaving St. Andrew's he entered upon a most successful field of labor in the States, and it was only his long and trying illness which ended a life of unusual promise and usefulness. He made a brave fight for life, but despite all that could be done, passed into the great beyond on March 26th. To his bereaved family and friends the REVIEW extends deepest sympathy.

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**I**N second year Medicine, Staunton Wishart obtained second place, winning a scholarship. In third year Arts, J. H. Pedley came second in his course, obtaining honors in English and History. Kenneth MacLaren, Edward Evans and A. R. Riddell receive their B.A. degree. Almon Fletcher also distinguished himself, and after a year's sessional appointment at the University, Gibbs Blackstock has gone to Manchester University for post-graduate work and is receiving his degree of M.A.

To each of these the REVIEW extends congratulations.

NO contribution to our columns has been more appreciated than the graphic and beautiful poem, Mount Erebus, kindly sent to us by Sir Ernest Shackleton. It is indeed an honor to have the great explorer's name on our pages, and the exquisite verses, with their vivid picture of nature in the vast Antarctic regions, will serve to recall most pleasantly the virile and charming personality of the author-explorer, whose too brief visit to St. Andrew's still lingers in our memory. That we may again have the pleasure of seeing and hearing Sir Ernest Shackleton is the sincere wish of all at S. A. C.

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IN the results of the final examination in the University faculty of medicine, F. M. McPhedran succeeded in carrying off the gold medal and also the Chappell prize in clinical surgery. As one of our old boys, the REVIEW offers very hearty congratulations and best wishes for his continued success.



## Contributed Articles

### IN THE DAYS OF OLD

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

IT was on my last evening in Quebec that I met Jules Clarencie. He is dead now, I have heard. Even two years ago he was very, very old—as old as a man may be and live. I came upon him on the terrace. His grandson had left him for a moment, and we spoke by chance. In a minute I found myself listening to one of the strangest tales of old Canada I have ever heard. It was the story of his great-great-grandfather, and I will relate it to you much as the old man told it to me on that autumn night in old Quebec.

“M’sieu, I speak of things men cannot understand now, for they are the happenings of a hundred and fifty years past. Who can say whether the world has improved? Without doubt those days bred strong men and women, as you will see by my tale. At that time Bigot, the wicked Intendant, was flourishing on the people’s produce, and Vaudreuil, the Commandant, was using the soldiery to serve his own ends. So they were to fall, and it must have been from fear of some such thing that they were so careful to silence any intruder. The name of the intruder of whom I would speak was the Comte D’Orleans. His family—one of the oldest in France—had not been in favor at court, hence their heir was in Canada with his wife. It was known now, however, that the Orleans might be reinstated at court, and the young count had recently joined one of the French regiments stationed at Quebec.

“He was a man, this count, and his wife was a fit mate for him. He had seen through all the trickeries of Bigot, all the vanities of Vaudreuil, and they feared him and hated him. Ah! m’sieu, how they hated him! The trouble came when he was ordered to take some soldiers and execute a poor peasant, who had broken one of Bigot’s regulations. Just imagine! They ordered a kindly man like the Count to obey orders of that nature. A father himself, could he turn even a poor peasant’s family out to starve? I ask you, m’sieu, could even discipline force him to do that? But, of course not. Perhaps those fiends knew it when they gave him his commands. They were waiting for some such chance to make away

with him. I have often heard of the night he received his orders. It was one like this. They say he did not tell his wife at once, but went out, perhaps to decide what to do. It must have been hard. He knew what would happen if he disobeyed. Some would say his action was foolish, quixotic. I say it was noble. Better far for him to suffer a brave death than to live with the image of the dying peasant forever on his mind. But I am not defending him, m'sieu. I leave you to judge him as you will.

"He decided out there in the darkness. Perhaps took his last look as a free man at the great river—calm and peaceful—flowing past the city where his happiest days had been spent. You see it now as it was then. Is it not a fair sight? I love it, for I have lived by it all my life."

As I listened to him the hotel behind me seemed to dissolve into the night air, and I saw instead the palace of the Intendant; understood the intrigues, the jealousies, and the crimes of these people, and revered the brave Count. The old man continued in his patois:

"He told his wife when he came back, and she agreed with him, for she was a brave woman. The next morning he bade farewell to wife and child and set out to see the Marquis de Vaudreuil. He found the Intendant and the Marquis together. No one knows what was said. Only in half an hour the soldiers were called, and took the Count away. There was no trial, not even a long imprisonment. The next morning he was taken out on the ramparts and shot. His last view was of the river flowing on to the sea; of the dwellings of the simple, oppressed fisherfolk; and, standing out behind it all, the citadel. So died the Comte D'Orleans."

Someone was calling the old man. "This is late for me, m'sieu. I must bid you good-night," he said.

"Good-night, Jules," I replied, abstractedly, "and thank you for your story."

The moon was sinking, casting across the clear waters of that great river a path of silver. It seemed to pause on the brink, and a ray of blood-red light shone for a moment on a spot on the ramparts. Was it only in my imagination that I saw a tall, straight figure, with bound arms, standing up there to meet his death? It must have been. All was in darkness now, save for the lights of the hotel, which seemed to shine out with increased brilliance.—G. A. Towers.



## THE LAST RACE OF BRIGADIER

## SECOND PRIZE.

THE Windermere stables were full of gloom. Even the smallest stable-boy was downcast. Marlboro, the pride of the stables and their only hope for the Derby, was sick. The great Marlboro, on whom rested the fate of the stables, was down and out. And the Derby only two days off.

For twenty-four hours Martin, the owner of Windermere; Tim, the stable boss, and two veterinary surgeons had worked over the great black stallion, who lay moaning in his stall. All the other horses were moved to the next wing. The stables were strangely quiet. The quick tattoo of the big black's heels on the wall and his shrill neigh answering the high-pitched challenge of Brigadier, the old chestnut stallion, were stilled. The stablemen moved on tiptoe and spoke in whispers.

At length the great doctor arrived. For half an hour he minutely examined the sick horse. Marlboro lay quiet, his breath coming in great gasps, his eyes dull and heavy, and his great muscles sagging loosely under his skin. It seemed hours to Martin and his son before the doctor spoke. "An acute case of double pneumonia," he said. "No hope of him racing for the next six months. A pity, too, magnificent horse, but it will be a job to save his life."

Martin was worried. The Derby meant everything to him. If he lost it he would lose Windermere. Marlboro had shown such speed in his trials that the Derby was almost a certainty. No other horse had developed the same speed and staying powers. Molly, the bay colt, was every bit as fast for a short distance, but she could not hold the pace. The little mare was *game to a finish, but the race* would kill her. All the others were too slow to gain even a place.

"Bring the bay out to the track and see what she can do, Tim," said Martin. Then, turning to his son, "Tom, do you want to get a horse and pace her? Waverly or Commodore will do." "How about Brigadier? He's been used to pace Marlboro for a lap." "All right, go ahead," and, followed by the veterinaries, Martin walked over to the track.

A few minutes later Molly, the bay, with her spider-like jockey on her back, appeared, closely followed by the chestnut stallion

Brigadier, with Tom riding. The old sixteen-year-old looked more like six. His light mane and tail were flowing in the wind and his skin shone like satin. "By Jove, what a beauty!" exclaimed the doctor. "Is that Brigadier, who won the Derby five years ago?" Martin nodded. "Tom, bring him here." Tom rode him at the fence and the big horse rose easily and cleared it by a foot. An involuntary exclamation of applause burst from the men. Martin took a lump of sugar from his pocket and held it out. Brigadier shoved out his velvety nose and took it. "Good old boy," said Martin, patting him. "There, Tom, Tim's waiting for you."

Tom cleared the fence at a canter and reined up alongside of the colt, who was chafing at the delay. At the word they sprang off. Molly driving to the lead. She was as fast as a deer and ran like a flash for the first lap, winning by two lengths. Then on the second lap Tom spoke to the chestnut. The little mare was still running gamely, but the short race was her specialty, and she was tiring fast. Slowly Tom gained, and as they came to half way he forged ahead. "Pull her up," he yelled to the little jockey. "She's all in." The boy nodded and began to pull up. Brigadier was far ahead, running strongly. Down past the stand he flashed, ten seconds slower than Marlboro's record. Martin sprang down. "By Jove, Tim, the old horse can run. If he were only younger!" Tim grinned. "He'll do, sir, and young Mr. Tom is the best rider in the land." Tom came up, leading the horse. "How's that for a race!" he cried, his face flushed with excitement. "Here's the horse for the Derby. The old horse can save Windermere." Martin thought. "We have to win it, but who can ride him?" "I can," cried Tom; "he knows me and will do better for me than anyone else." Martin knew it was true. For no one else but Tom would Brigadier do his best. He knew his step a hundred yards away. "Can he do it, Tim?" he asked. "Yes, sir," answered the stable boss. "Well, put him in."

The next day Windermere was in an uproar. Excited groups of horsemen and bookies visited the stables, only to be turned away by Tim. "The big stallion is to rest till the morrow." "Yes, Marlboro was on his feet." "No, he will not race," and so on. The crimson and white was hung over the doors and each stable boy boasted a red and white ribbon in his buttonhole.

On the morning of the race the Windermere horses, hooded and



blanketed, were taken to the big track. Tom took sole charge of Brigadier. Molly was to run in the mile. Her race was just before the Derby, and the little jockey was instructed to get well away in front and stay there.

The races passed off slowly. Then the open mile. Molly got the coveted pole and was well away at the start. At the half way she shot to the front and held it all the way in spite of the efforts of Kentucky Jane, a fleet grey, who finished half a length behind.

Then the Derby was called. Barnaby B., a great black, with powerful quarters, was favorite. As he came on the track a great shout went up. Then Brigadier appeared. All eyes turned to him questioningly. The crimson and white was to be carried by Marlboro. Where was he? Then someone said, "Brigadier." An incredulous murmur, then a shout, "Old Brigadier! Old Brigadier!" went up.

The horses lined up at the starting place. Brigadier was fourth. Tom pulled him back a bit, then as the starter raised his hand he drove him forward, getting off with an almost flying start.

Tom swung in behind Barnaby. A lanky grey mare, Flying Nancy, was making the pace—an impossible pace to hold. She was known as Crazy Nan on account of her erratic racing. As they swept past the stand for the first round she began to stagger. Immediately Barnaby moved to the front. Brigadier attempted to follow, but a bay horse ranged alongside and pocketed him. It was Charles Keswick, Barnaby's stable mate. At the three-quarters Keswick circled wide. Quick as a flash the old horse drove into the opening and shot ahead.

Barnaby was leading, with Flying Nancy running a beaten race behind. Slowly the chestnut drew up. If Barnaby kept the lead at the home stretch he would win. Very gradually the old horse lessened the distance. The grey had dropped to third, and only three feet lay between Barnaby and the chestnut. Tom was lying low in the saddle, letting his horse do the running. "Now, boy," he whispered. The gallant old horse responded nobly. The chestnut muzzle crept up on the black's quarters. Then past his shoulders, and Tom saw the outstretched frothy black muzzle even with his knee. Then a blur and a confused roar as they flashed under the wire, and then the old horse stumbled, struggled a moment and fell, throwing Tom over his head. Martin sprang over the fence

and ran up to Tom. "Hurt, boy?" he asked anxiously. Tom shook his head. Sitting on the ground, he gathered the brave old horse's head into his lap and forced some whisky down his throat. For a few minutes Brigadier lay still, then, with a convulsive heave, he staggered to his feet and gazed around. A great cry went up from the people. "Oh, Brigadier, you beauty!" whispered Tom. The old horse rubbed his nose against the boy's coat and, followed by an admiring crowd, they moved across to the judge's stand to receive their prize. Brigadier had run his race and won. Windermere was saved.

H. G. SPOHN.

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## THE ABYSS

THIRD PRIZE.

"LUIS, will you come with me this afternoon?" asked Juan González.

"Where?" asked Luis, a strongly built young man about nineteen years old.

"Eagle hunting. I've discovered a nest in the Abyss, where there are two eaglets. The mother eagle being away most of the time, we will have an excellent chance. She left about an hour ago and will not be back till sunset."

"All right, I'll meet you at the Abyss right after dinner. Be ready with a rope of sufficient length and strength."

The Abyss was a deep cut made by an earthquake centuries before, and its walls were almost perpendicular, making the climbing very hazardous.

Luis, after getting the permission of his parents, and after procuring a sharp knife, started towards the place of meeting, where he found Juan ready with a long, stout rope, one end of which he had tied around his waist. They greeted each other, and after Luis had tied the other end to his waist Juan said to him:

"When you reach the nest or want to stop give one long whistle or a pull on the rope. Two if you want to come up, and three if you want me to pull in faster."

"Correct," answered Luis. They shook hands and Luis took a step towards the Abyss. His heart stopped beating for a minute



as the thought that he might lose his life in the enterprise flashed through his brain. He put all his fears aside, crossed himself devoutly and, taking another step, disappeared over the brink.

Fifty yards he descended between the two granite walls, shuddering every little while, till he reached a ledge. Here he walked to a hole about four yards square and, after placing his knife between his teeth, he dropped into it.

As he descended the light grew dimmer. Now fear had given place to intense excitement. Soon he distinguished the nest and he gave a sharp whistle. A thousand echoes answered him. As the rope did not tighten he gave it a pull and was immediately brought to a standstill. He swung himself towards the nest, which he reached after a few tries, and then stood immovable, listening. He heard the murmur of a river far below him, and the moving of the eaglets, which had noticed his intrusion.

He advanced towards the helpless little birds, but was bravely confronted by the two, who aimed at him with their beaks and talons, but they were unable to fly, and he easily caught them both. With their wings and feet tied, he fastened them to his belt and gave the signal to be taken up.

He looked up and watched the hole by which he had entered growing larger as he neared it. Suddenly a shadow passed across it, blocking out the light for a moment. A minute later the same thing happened again.

It was the male eagle, which Juan had thought was dead, returning. In slow circles it descended towards the entry where the rope penetrated the cave. After the first moment of terror had passed Luis drew his knife, ready for the fray.

The eagle, with wings outspread and eyes glittering, flew towards the poor boy. As it passed him it aimed a blow at his face with its wing, but the knife met it and pulled out a few feathers. Giving a shriek of rage, it began to circle as fast as it could around him, aiming blow after blow, ripping his clothes and tearing his flesh. He was fighting bravely and the bird was bleeding profusely from a wound in the neck.

He had given the signal to stop and was getting pretty tired of the struggle, when suddenly both the eaglets began to cry. The huge bird heard it and, enraged by the sight of its young ones, charged with increased fury, using wings, beak and talons.

It was the last struggle. Luis was wounded in the shoulder, the

iron beak gashing it horribly. The excitement and the pain both helped him. As it came at him again he raised his knife and with all his strength plunged it into the heart of the bird. With a last cackle the eagle closed its wings and dropped down the abyss. He gave the two pulls at the rope and immediately began to go up.

He passed through the hole and naturally looked at the blue sky. Terror was painted in his face, and his eyes kept staring at the rope a few inches above his head. It was no longer a strong cord. In the fight he had aimed a blow at the bird and had almost severed the rope. Only a few strands were holding him from a drop of a thousand feet.

He took the eaglets from his belt and threw them after their father. He tried to whistle, but his lips wouldn't move. He thought of climbing up to the safe part of the rope, but if the other broke—. He waited for the second that the rope would refuse to stand the strain and give way. This was worse than a thousand deaths. He stared at the mutilated cord and coiled up in a heap, tortured by the slowness of his ascension.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Juan pulled him up he wasn't the same youth he had lowered. His hair was as white as if he had lived a hundred years; his eyes had no expression; he trembled like a leaf and he was covered with blood from head to foot. His voice rang out broken and terrible: "The Abyss!—eagles—mother—" and he fell in a swoon.

Juan, terrified, took him in his strong arms to take him with the terrible news to his father and mother, to whom that same afternoon he had been a loving son, but was now a poor insane boy.

*This story is founded on fact.*

H. HERSCHKOWITZ.

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### A FAST RIDE

**I**N September, 1910, the Chicago Motor Association held a race meet at Elgin, Illinois. Elgin is a small town a few miles from Chicago. The races were held on a course composed of ordinary country roads in the form of a triangle, the length of a lap being approximately eight and one-quarter miles.

The victory was won by Mulford in a Lozier car, which averaged 62.5 miles an hour for the distance of 305 miles.



I am not going to write an account of the race, but wish to tell you of an experience I had.

For two weeks before the date set for the contest the pilots of the different makes of cars had been practising with their speedy mounts.

From five till seven each morning, the time set apart for practice, there was a continual noise, which might have been likened to the reports of a quick-firing gun, but which was really the roar from the exhausts of the big racing cars as they tore by at rates of speed far exceeding that of the fastest express train.

As I was staying in Chicago, I used to go out to the course every morning and watch the practice.

One morning I came upon a man whom I knew, namely, Alfred Livingstone, the pilot of a National "40." He asked me if I wished to take a ride, and I replied that I should like nothing better. As practice was nearly over for that morning, I decided that I would take advantage of the invitation next day.

Accordingly I was at the National Racing Camp early next morning. I put on a greasy old jumper, a pair of goggles, and a headguard similar to that used in football, only that it covered the whole head with the exception of the eyes and mouth. The reason for wearing that is that the rear wheels of passing cars often throw stones with sufficient force to crush a man's skull were it not protected.

Livingstone told me that I was to keep a sharp lookout behind for cars overtaking us, and also that I was to pump oil continually by means of a small brass pump located at my right hand.

My friend asked me to see if I could "Turn her over." I grasped the crank and could not turn the motor over compression. He then seized it and spun it as easily as one would crank the smallest runabout. Immediately I was nearly deafened by the unmuffled reports of the exhaust. We jumped into the two small seats, set so low on the frame that it was difficult to see over the top of the hood. He let in the clutch with a jerk that made the big car jump forward so quickly that I was nearly unseated.

We were the first out that morning, so for some time I did not have to look for cars overtaking us.

There is one very sharp turn on the course, known as the Hornbeck Turn. When about one hundred yards from it I noticed that we were travelling about 58 miles per hour, and I wondered if he

would shut down. To my amazement he actually increased the speed, steering for the outside of the turn. Just as we struck the bend he violently applied the brakes, at the same time cramping the front wheels to the left. We skidded about thirty feet and were around that turn and headed down the straightaway past the grandstand. The back stretch is about three miles long, and we lost no time in covering it. Once I glanced at the Warner speedometer and saw that we were travelling a trifle less than seventy-seven miles an hour.

As we were approaching the Hornbeck Turn on the next lap I was startled to hear a loud explosion. For a moment I was at a loss to account for it. However, the bumping soon told me that the right rear tire had blown out. Although the big car ricocheted down the course like a giant serpent, Livingstone, by a skilful bit of driving, managed to hold it on the road until he was able to bring it to a standstill, when he replaced the defective tire.

Other drivers were out by this time, familiarizing themselves with the course. It is most exciting to pass or be passed by another car travelling at high speed, although it is very dangerous. At times it was so dusty that it was impossible to see three feet ahead of the radiator. Even though the track is deluged with oil and said to be dustless, the wheels of the fast moving cars tear up dust and throw gravel and stones indiscriminately behind them.

When at last the two hours of practice were over and we drew up at the pits I found myself to be so nervous that I could barely stand up. I had not noticed it when we were running, as the excitement was so great, but, being a novice, the reaction had left me very weak.

My friend Livingstone won his class, the Illinois Trophy, though I was not there to see him do so.

A month later he added one more to his long list of victories, by being one of the first five to finish in the world's greatest road contest, the Vanderbilt Cup race, held on Long Island.

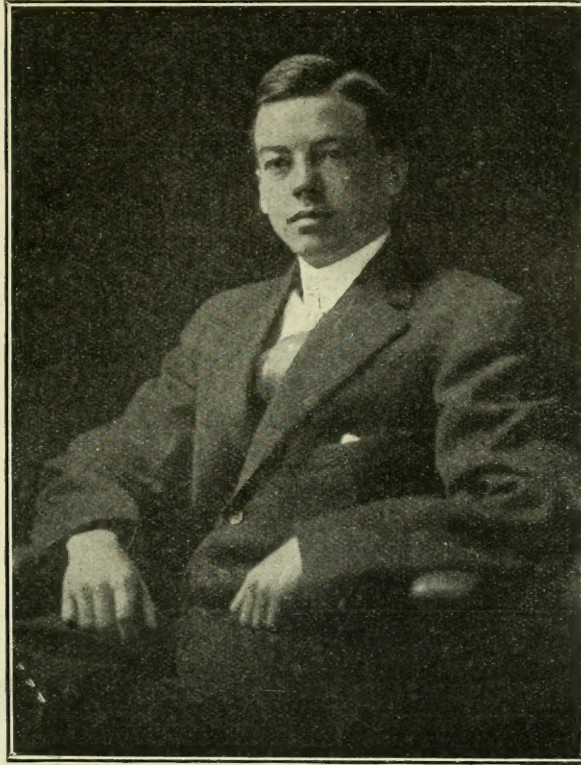
About eighteen months ago Livingstone was trying to break a record on the Indianapolis Speedway. While travelling at eighty miles an hour the car was seen to swerve dangerously and then to plunge through the fence and turn over, imprisoning both driver and mechanic beneath it. A steering knuckle had broken. The mechanic was instantly killed. Livingstone was removed to the hospital, where, twenty-four hours later, he died of his injuries.

N. ERIC WALLACE.



## Athletics

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G. Cassells, Captain

### PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST ELEVEN

Cassells (Gord.) captain.—The most experienced cricketer on the team. A keen captain, and did well in spite of unavoidable absence earlier in the season. A good right-hand bat, patient and orthodox, commanding a number of strokes. Although capable of making a lot of runs has hardly done himself justice.

Ross I. (Gord).—Of last year's first eleven. A good left-hand bat, a strong bowler, and excellent field.

Ross II. (Dud.).—Second year on team. A fair bat; inclined to block too much. A good medium pace bowler, and one of the best fielders on the team.

Thompson I. (Stew.).—An old color. A fair bat, but inclined to pull. Bowls a fast, well-pitched ball.

Wright I. (Lin.).—Worked his way up from the Junior House eleven. Is a valuable, fast bowler. Had hard luck in his batting at the first of the season.

Dyment (Unc.).—Played on the Junior House team three years ago. Is a good, hard-hitting bat. A fair wicket-keeper.

Stephen (Jack).—Of last year's second eleven. A good bat when set, but inclined to play around the ball at first.

Rolph I. (Gren.).—Graduate of last year's seconds. A good, useful bat and fair fielder.

Malone (Morris).—Captain of last year's seconds. A fair left-hand bat. Kept wicket.

Montgomery (Monty.).—Of last year's seconds. A fair bat, but inclined to pull. An excellent field.

Hayes (Jimmy).—The only new boy on the team. Bats with good form. Has shown decided improvement of late. H. LASH.



On the Campus.



## ROSEDALE at ST. ANDREW'S

"**E**VERYTHING comes to him who waits," says the old adage. So, after having waited for a number of years to score a victory over the Rosedale Cricket Club, the St. Andrew's eleven were finally rewarded on Saturday afternoon, May 4th, when they succeeded in defeating that club by a score of 81—72.

It certainly was a very impressive manner to open the season, and the team are deserving of congratulations for having accomplished such a feat.

Wright, bowling for the College, was in splendid form, four wickets being credited to him. Reid was the best bowler for Rosedale, taking two wickets and having five catches made off his delivery.

At bat Cassels was the premier scorer for the College, making a total of 19 not out. For Rosedale, Reid was high man with 26, being followed closely by T. Swan with 22.

## ST. ANDREW'S.

Wright, c. and b. Reid.....	0
Ross I., c. Smith, b. Reid.....	10
Stephen, c. Swan, b. Reid.....	2
Ross II., b. Swan.....	2
Cassels, not out .....	19
Bicknell, b. Reid .....	9
Dyment, c. Bell, b. Reid.....	3
Malone, b. Reid.....	0
Thompson II., b. Swan.....	9
Thompson I., c. Reid, b. Swan.....	1
Montgomery, c. Swan, b. Reid.....	3
Extras .....	23
Total .....	81

## ROSEDALE.

Reid, run out .....	26
Bell, c. and b. Ross II.....	10
Greene, b. Wright .....	0
W. Swan, b. Wright .....	4
Williams, b. Wright .....	0
Dunbar, hit wicket .....	2

Pillow, b. Thompson I .....	3
T. Swan, c. Thompson, b. Dymont.....	22
Smith, not out .....	1
McIntosh, b. Wright.....	0
Catto, c. Stephen, b. Thompson.....	0
Extras .....	4
<hr/>	
Total .....	72

H. LASH.

### VETERANS vs. ST. ANDREW'S

"Pride goes before a fall," is a very old saying, but it still holds true, as was effectively demonstrated on the Wednesday afternoon of May 8th, when the Saints played the Veterans. Puffed by their signal success of the previous Saturday, they entered the game with an unprecedented zeal. Then they fell. Oh, how they fell! They bumped and rolled and bounced and turned double and triple somersaults. At last they landed. Yes, they landed. And they landed hard. The Rosedale Ravine echoed and re-echoed with the shock of their landing. In fact they lit so hard that they haven't yet succeeded in regaining their equilibrium, and have gone down to defeat in two successive games.

The Veterans, and Veterans they surely were, entered the fray as strong and as confident as Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo. They proceeded to show the recruits how to play cricket. And they succeeded. When the last wicket fell the College had but 45 to their credit.

Then the Veterans went in to bat. If General Brock could have had those veterans playing cricket on the top of Queenston Heights the Yankees would never have reached the summit.

They cut and sliced and hammered until at last, when the side was retired in some lucky manner, it was found that they had accumulated 71.

#### ST. ANDREW'S.

Wright, b. Lyon.....	5
Stephen, b. Lyon .....	9
Hays, not out .....	8
Dymont, b. Crawford .....	4
Thompson II., b. Lyon.....	2





First Cricket Team.



Prefects.

Ross II., run out, b. Lyon.....	2
Bicknell, c. and b. Mr. James.....	3
Rennie, b. Lyon.....	1
Malone, b. Lyon.....	2
Montgomery, l.b.w., b. Mr. James.....	2
Thompson I., c. Foster, b. Mr. James.....	4
Extras.....	3

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Total ..... 45

VETERANS.

Crawford, c. Wright, b. Thompson 1.....	6
Smith, b. Wright.....	8
Fergusson, c. Bicknell, b. Ross II.....	2
Lyon, b. Ross II.....	9
Knighton, b. Wright.....	32
James, c. Dymont, b. Wright.....	2
Foster, b. Wright.....	0
Harris, b. Ross II.....	0
Laidlaw, not out.....	4
Wood, b. Wright.....	0
Rolph, l.b.w., b. Thompson I.....	2
Extras.....	6

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Total ..... 71

H. LASH.

### ST. ANDREW'S AT MIMICO

**W**EDNESDAY morning, May 15th, the first cricket team, accompanied by Mr. Knighton, Mr. Grace, Mr. Frederick Davison, and the REVIEW's quill-pusher, took the nine o'clock car to the Mimico Asylum to play their annual match with that institution.

The day was fine, but a nasty little breeze from the lake made conditions a trifle too cool to call it ideal cricket weather.

At half-past nine we reached Mimico, where Dr. Beemer met us and escorted us to the dressing room.

While the team was dressing, Mr. Grace, accompanied by the scribe, went out and inspected the pitch, which was found to be in excellent condition.



Meanwhile the team had dressed and come out on the field. Some of the members, instead of getting in a little practice before the game, wandered over and interviewed a few of the inmates who were out taking a little exercise on the lake shore. One old Irish-woman became so attached to Malone and Dymont—probably she had some intuition that they had Irish blood in them—that we are still wondering how they ever got back. The only reason we can assigne that they *did* get back is that towards the close of the day she began to believe they were not as Irish as she would have liked them to be. So she “slammed” them and “slammed” them hard.

It happened this way. They were talking to her, when suddenly she said: “Say, do you know what I’d do if I were you?” “No. What?” they asked. “Well,” she said, “if I were you I would go over to that wharf there”—pointing to a pier projecting into the lake—“and say, ‘Here goes nothin’,’ and jump in.” And yet they said she was crazy. Such a mistake on the part of the Government should be investigated.

The game commenced at 10.15, with Shannon and Rutton batting for Mimico. They made a long stand, the latter finally being caught by Dymont off Crawford. Thompson II. caught Shannon off Crawford a few minutes later, and his thirteen, coupled with Rutton’s twelve, gave the Asylum a neat total of twenty-five for two wickets. Crawford, Ross II. and Wright now got down to business, and five men fell before their bowling for nineteen. Things looked fairly bright for St. Andrew’s at this stage, but when Maxwell was caught by Malone off Thompson I. it was found that he had swelled the total to fifty-four. White added fourteen more before being bowled by Wright. The remainder went out for four, Mimico retiring with a score of 82.

Mr. Knighton and Ross I. batted first for the College, with White and Davis the opposing bowlers. Mr. Knighton made a splendid stand, marking up eleven to his credit before having his wickets taken by a tricky ball of White’s.

At this juncture someone suggested luncheon, so both teams repaired to a nice secluded spot between two buildings, where, as one official explained, a light repast was to be served.

If what we had is termed a light repast at the Asylum, we would like very much to know what they call an ordinary meal. The heaping platesful of delectable sandwiches and biscuits were avariciously consumed by the hungry cricketers.

The College boys upheld the schoolboy reputation in this respect to such an extent that their batting was greatly impaired upon the resumption of the game, and the side was quickly retired for a total of 30, of which Mr. Kighton made eleven and Ross I. seven.

Dr. Beemer's eleven went to bat again, but as the captain of our team has promised the sporting editor a treat at the tuck if the second innings is not accounted for, and because our boys had only a part of their second batting, a veil will be drawn over and the reader left to imagine the result of the second period.

We took the six-twenty car for the city, after having spent with Dr. Beemer and the officials of the Asylum as pleasant a day as one would wish to spend.

H. LASH.

### TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL AT ST. ANDREW'S

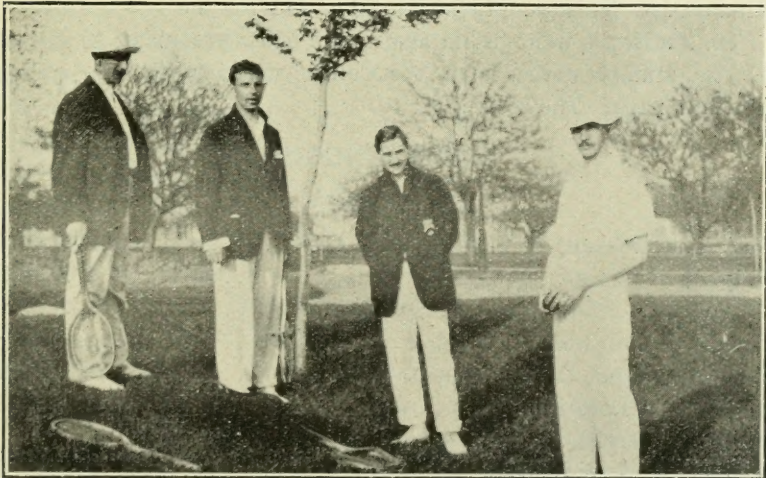
**S**ATURDAY, June 1st, the first cricket eleven of Trinity College School, Port Hope, came here to engage with our eleven in the first of the school games. The day was an ideal one for cricket, and the crease, which had had careful attention, was in a splendid condition.

The visitors arrived at the College shortly after ten o'clock, and came on the field and had a short practice. Cassels won the toss and elected to bat. The game commenced at eleven, with Ross I. and Rolph I. batting for the College and Tucker and Saunders the opposing bowlers. Ross I. played a good, straight bat, and succeeded in getting 10 runs before being caught by Fiskien off Tucker. Sharpe took Ross' place and hit a two, when, in an endeavor to get a short-pitched ball, he stepped out of his block and was stumped by Dennistoun. Rolph, who was playing a splendid game, was caught by Fiskien off Symons, a few minutes later. He made 22 runs, including three fours. Cassels and Wright were at bat, and, with the score standing 42 for three wickets, things looked pretty cheerful for the College, when Cassels was run out. There is no doubt that had not this happened he would have made a large score, for he was batting carefully and well. Stephen, who went in next, made 16 before being caught by LeMeseurier off Tucker. It was a splendid catch, LeMeseurier getting it with one





Athletic Directorate.



Tennis Fiends.

hand when it was almost out of his reach. Like Sharpe, Wright was stumped by Dennistoun shortly after Stephen was dismissed; but he had batted well, and had 14 to his credit when put out. Hayes, who took Stephens' place, showed a great improvement in his batting. He made four runs on a boundary hit before being caught by Grylls off LeMeseurier. Dymont was the first man to have his wickets taken, LeMeseurier being responsible. However, that did not happen until he had made 15. The innings were closed by Malone being bowled by Tucker and Montgomery by LeMeseurier for five, and with Thompson not out for three, giving the College on their first batting a total of 101.

Tucker and Symons, of Port Hope, then took their place at bat, facing Wright I. and Thompson I., the College bowlers. Neither of the bowlers were taking any chances, and consequently it was not long before Symons had his wicket taken by Wright for 5. The wickets then began to fall fast, Tuckers falling to Thompson for 12. The remaining men were easy for Wright and Thompson, the nine of them being retired for 7 runs, Wright getting five wickets and Thompson three. T. C. S. closed their innings with 27 runs, to which Tucker, who batted splendidly, contributed 12.

T. C. S. being more than 60 behind, followed on. They did much better this time, making 84, of which Saunders made 25 and Mitchell 14. This gave them a total of 111 for the two innings.

St. Andrew's went to bat again and, after procuring 15 for two wickets, stumps were drawn, the College winning by eight wickets and four runs. The score:

### FIRST INNINGS.

#### ST. ANDREW'S.

Ross I., c. Fiskien, b. Tucker .....	10
Rolph I., c. Fiskien, b. Symons.....	22
Sharpe, stpd. Dennistoun, b. Symons.....	2
Cassels I., run out .....	1
Wright I., stpd. Dennistoun, b. Tucker.....	14
Stephen, c. LeMeseurier, b. Tucker .....	16
Hayes, c. Grylls, b. LeMeseurier.....	4
Dymont, b. LeMeseurier .....	15
Malone, b. Tucker .....	0
Montgomery, b. LeMeseurier .....	5



Thompson I., not out .....	3
Extras .....	9
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Total .....	101

## TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Tucker, b. Thompson I. ....	12
Symons, b. Wright I. ....	5
Grier, c. and b. Wright I. ....	0
Mitchell, b. Wright I. ....	1
Fisken, c. Sharpe, b. Wright I. ....	2
Pearce, c. Hayes, b. Thompson .....	0
Saunders, c. Ross I. b. Thompson .....	0
LeMeseurier, lbw., b. Thompson .....	4
Dennistoun, not out .....	1
Mathers, b. Wright I. ....	0
Grylls, c. Ross I., b. Wright I. ....	0
Extras .....	2
<hr/>	
Total .....	27

## SECOND INNINGS.

## TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Tucker, b. Wright I. ....	9
Symons, b. Wright I. ....	0
Mitchell, b. Wright I. ....	14
Fisken, b. Wright I. ....	0
Pearce, b. Ross I. ....	8
Dennistoun, b. Ross I. ....	0
LeMeseurier, c. Hayes, b. Ross I. ....	0
Saunders, b. Wright I. ....	25
Grier, c. Dymment, b. Thompson I. ....	11
Mathers, c. Hayes, b. Thompson I. ....	1
Grylls, not out .....	7
Extras .....	9
<hr/>	
Total .....	84

## ST. ANDREW'S.

Rolph, c. Fisken, b. Tucker .....	1
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Sharpe, stpd. Dennistoun, b. Tucker . . . . .	4
Ross I., not out . . . . .	4
Stephen, not out . . . . .	1
Extras . . . . .	2
<hr/>	
Total . . . . .	15
H. LASH.	

### ST. ANDREW'S AT RIDLEY

**W**EDNESDAY, June 5th, the first eleven journeyed to St. Catharines to engage in the annual school match with Ridley College.

We left Toronto on the nine o'clock train, arriving in St. Catharines at eleven. Mr. Powell and Captain Jarvis met us and escorted us to the School, where, after a short fielding practice, the match commenced at 11.30, with Rolph and Ross I. batting for the College and with Jarvis and Mix the opposing bowlers.

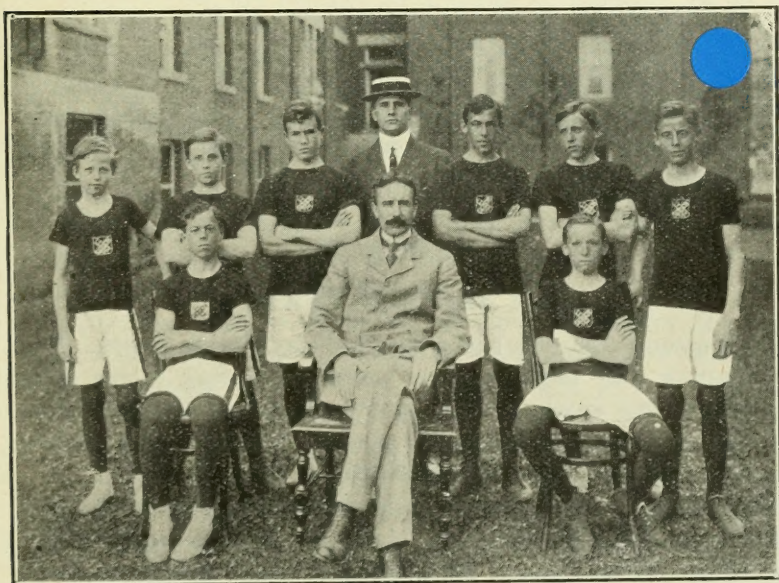
Neither Ross I. nor Rolph made their usual stand, Ross I. being bowled by Jarvis for 1, and Rolph being caught by Jarvis off Mix for 7. Ross II. succeeded in making 12 before being given out leg before. Stephen made a good stand, marking up 15 to his credit before being bowled by Gordon. Cassels was the next to go, being bowled by Gordon for 11. Dymont was caught by Irvine for 2. Irvine made a splendid catch. He bowled the ball and, following up quickly, caught it a few inches off the ground. Wright was caught by Trench off Irvine a few minutes later. Bradley made a fair stand, being finally run out for 4. The innings closed with Hayes, who had made a splendid stand, being caught by Martin off Jarvis for 14. First innings: S. A. C. 71.

The teams then adjourned for lunch, after which the Ridley boys showed us around the grounds and buildings. The game was recommenced at 2 o'clock, with Wood and Irvine of B. R. C. facing Ross II. and Wright bowling for the College. Irvine forgot to make his call on Wood's hit to leg and was run out. Martin, who took Irvine's place, was bowled by Wright shortly after for 8. Marani made a splendid stand, getting 25 before being given out l.b.w. off Thompson. Wood was finally caught by Ross I. off Bradley for 18. Manley, who took Wood's place, was caught by Hayes





Junior Cricket Team.



Junior Leaders.

off Wright for 16. Jarvis, who went in when Marani was dismissed, was finally bowled by Wright for 26. The next three men were quickly dismissed by Wright and Ross 1. for 12. B. R. C. closed their innings with 117 runs, a majority of 46 over the College on the first innings.

For St. Andrew's Wright bowled well, getting six wickets. Stephen was high man with 16 runs. For Ridley, Jarvis and Marani were high men, with 26 and 25 respectively.

In the second innings the College had to make a large score and dismiss their opponents within two hours. They went to bat and succeeded in making 72 in one hour, a total of 143 for the two innings.

Ridley then went to bat confident of making the 26 necessary to win very easily. A very old adage says, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," and B. R. C. might have done much better had they remembered that old saying and not been so confident. But they didn't, and consequently eight wickets fell for 15, leaving them still 11 to procure to win. Marani, however, won the game for them by getting two boundaries and a three and a two. Stumps were then drawn, leaving B. R. C. the victors of a very exciting cricket match by three wickets and three runs.

After the game we repaired to the Welland House, where we once more played against time, and again did well enough to catch the 8 o'clock train for Toronto, arriving at the College about ten-thirty, tired but happy and confident of giving Upper Canada the game of their lives on Saturday, June 8th.

H. LASH.

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## THE SECOND TEAM

THE second team has had rather a disappointing season. Two games with Highfield were postponed, owing to the rainy condition of the weather. Then at Port Hope, on Saturday, June 1st, they lost a closely contested game to Trinity College School seconds by 13 runs, the score being T. C. S. 86, S. A. C. 73.

They have, however, still one more game to play, that being with Upper Canada seconds on U. C. C. grounds, on Saturday, June 8th. As the team is much stronger this season than it has been for some years, we are hoping to see them return with a vic-



tory over the Blue and White eleven. If they lose it will not be because they lack cricketing science, for Mr. Knighton and Mr. Grace have given them a great deal of attention, and have succeeded in putting out a first-class second eleven.

The following players constitute the team: Rennie (captain), Bradley, Thompson II., Paterson I., Paterson II., Copeland, Leekie, Coatsworth, Hatch, Bicknell, Whitaker I., Johnston I. (scorer).

H. LASH.

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### LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET—ST. ANDREW'S vs. LAKE LODGE

On Wednesday, May 29th, 1912, St. Andrew's Lower School cricket team journeyed to Grimsby to play Lake Lodge School, of that town. We left the Union Station at 9.10 and, after one hour's wait in Hamilton, reached our destination about 12 o'clock. We had lunch immediately upon our arrival, and at 2.15 tossed for innings. Lake Lodge won the toss and chose to bat. The weather was anything but favorable, rain falling heavily all day.

After a very wet innings, Lake Lodge were retired for 83 runs, of which Stuart contributed 36, not out. St. Andrew's then tried to overcome this lead, but failed by 26 runs, their total being 57. Scott made 22, and Carr did well, with 16, McMichael knocking up 10. Everybody was glad to get into dry clothes again, and we were then treated to supper.

We then went direct to the station, and, after two hours' run, found ourselves once more at the Union Depot. Mr. James kindly allowed us to pay a visit to McConkey's. At 9.15 we arrived at the school again, all very tired and wet.

The team wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. James for the trouble they took for us; and, although we were beaten, we enjoyed the holiday immensely.

R. G.

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### BASEBALL

FOR the first time in the history of the College we, the students of this celestial hall of learning, were allowed to become patrons of the far-famed Mr. Chadwick. And how did such a revolution take place? It was this way. The turf, which is, I think, a cricket term for grass, was not in a fit condition to permit the

playing of that 16th century pastime, so those in authority followed the example of the ground and softened their natures, and the régime of the "pill sluggers" began.

Immediately scores of baseballs, bats, fielding gloves, and hand mattresses of all shapes and descriptions made their appearance. Every space that was not prohibited from being used (and sometimes places that "were" prohibited from being used) were covered with would-be ball tossers, who, after going through various alarming motions and tying themselves up into knots that would puzzle the ablest seaman, would suddenly straighten out and send deceptive curves, gentle floaters and sizzling liners to their respective "caged" receivers, who were safely ensconced behind a piece of board, a sweater, or anything they could designate a "pan."

The Athletic Association granted a lot near the stable, and there a diamond was constructed, with the home plate facing the stable. This was, of course, of great value to the backstops, as the balls that they missed were stopped by the building. Though this was very nice for the catchers, it was not so for a horse that was stabled there, and consequently the quadruped became so nervous that even Beacham's Pills would have no effect upon it. Then orders from headquarters caused the diamond to be moved to another and final position, and for two whole weeks the followers of America's national game were in their glory.

Two leagues were drawn up, each being composed of four teams. The American League, made up of teams captained by Sharpe, Montgomery, Malcolm and Nation, was won by Sharpe. The National League, consisting of teams captained by Malone, Bicknell, McClinton and Lash, was won by Malone.

To decide which was the premier team of the College, Sharpe and Malone played a post-season game. Who won? Sharpe. The score? Ask of the winds that all around, etc. Sharpe's players fell upon Malone's team like a horde of cannibals upon a tender missionary. They swatted home runs; they walloped "Texas Leaguers"; they whipped out "lawn trimmers" until at last they became tired of trotting around the circuit, and allowed Malone to come to bat. Then DeBeek, with his mystic curves, fooled the Irishman's aggregation completely and retired the side 1, 2, 3. After this slaughter had extended five innings the umpire (who belonged to the National League) called the game on account of darkness, ending the first and very successful baseball season of St. Andrew's College.

H. LASH.



## THE TOURNAMENT

THE annual tournament took place on Monday and Tuesday, the 15th and 16th of April. Considering the fact that the Easter holidays had just concluded, the large number of participants were in very good condition, and with one or two exceptions the bouts were as good, and in some cases better, than in previous years.

The preliminaries were settled on Monday afternoon. The following is the result of the preliminaries:

## WRESTLING.

85 lbs.—Whitney vs. Denton III. Won by Whitney. Falls, 1.15 and 2.00.

85 lbs.—Somers vs. Munn II. Won by Munn. Falls, 6.37.

125 lbs.—Johnston I. vs. Yuille. Won by Johnston. Falls, 8.37.

125 lbs.—Herschkowitz vs. Leckie. Won by Herschkowitz. Falls, 9.25.

Heavyweight—Mackeen vs. McKeague. Won by Mackeen. Falls, 1.25 and 1.17.

## BOXING.

95 lbs.—Marks vs. Wemyss. Won by Wemyss.

125 lbs.—Lowndes vs. Baker. Won by Lowndes.

125 lbs.—McClinton vs. Auld. Won by McClinton.

135 lbs.—Hume vs. Nation. Hume won by default.

Oxley vs. Hutcheson. Won by Hutcheson.

## FENCING.

*Junior—*

McClinton (4) vs. Ault (5).

Ault (3) vs. Allan I. (5).

Allan I. won the junior championship.

*Senior—*

Hutcheson (2) vs. Lowndes (5).

Grant I. (5) vs. Herschkowitz (2).

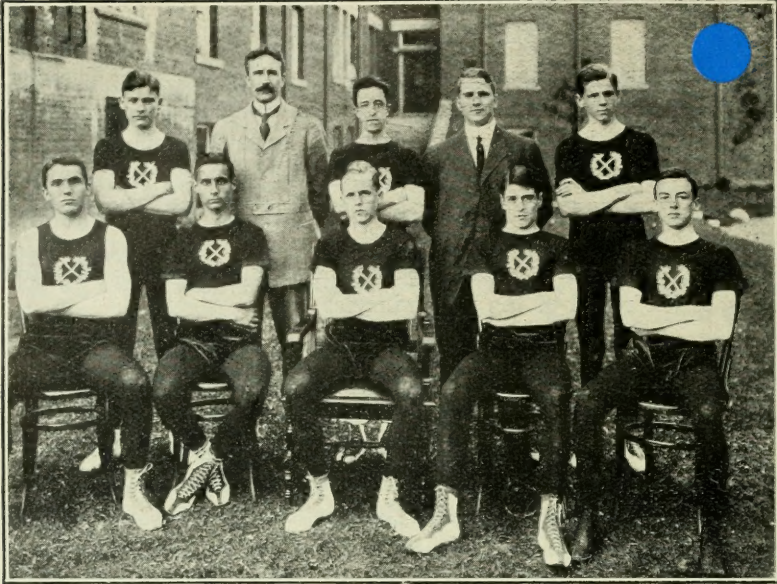
Lowndes (4) vs. Grant (2).

Senior championship won by Lowndes.

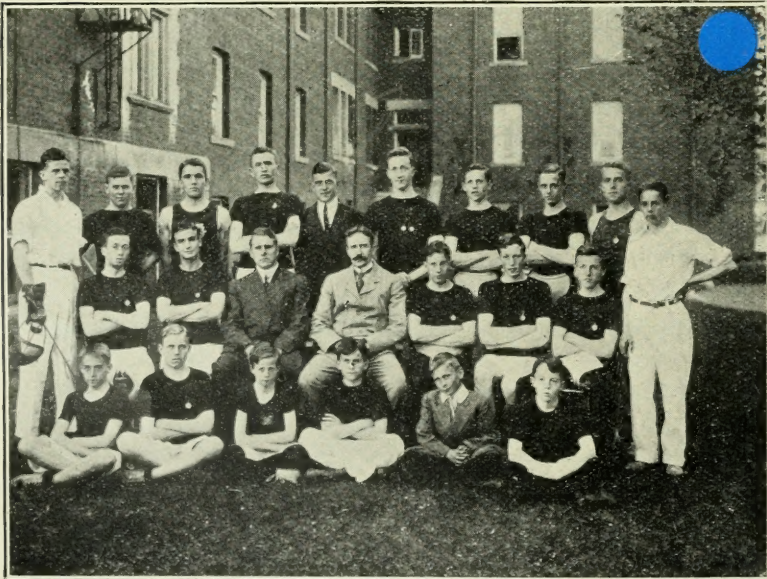
## FINALS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

## WRESTLING.

75 lbs.—Home vs. Morgan. Won by Home for aggressiveness.



First Gymnasium Team.



Winners of Boxing, Fencing and Wrestling.



85 lbs.—Whitney vs. Munn II. Won by Munn. Falls, 1.00 and 2.35.

105 lbs.—Davidson vs. Cassels. Won by Cassels. Falls, 11.00.

125 lbs.—Johnston I. vs. Herschkowitz. Won by Herschkowitz. Falls—1st, Johnston, .45; 2nd, Herschkowitz, .35; 3rd, Herschkowitz, 3.47.

135 lbs.—Malone vs. Hayes. Won by Hayes. Falls, 1.45 and 2.38.

143 lbs.—Dyment vs. Richardson. Won by Richardson. Falls, .40 and .50.

158 lbs.—Bicknell vs. McKeague. Won by Bicknell. Falls, .50 and .40.

Heavyweight—MacKeen vs. Henry I. Won by MacKeen. Falls, 8.45.

#### BOXING.

75 lbs.—Harris vs. Simpson. Simpson, a much smaller fellow than Harris, pluckily took the place of another boy against Harris, and he deserves much praise for the way he boxed. Harris got the decision.

85 lbs.—Whitney vs. Kerr. This bout was good, the youngsters going to it hammer and tongs from start to finish. Whitney's blows were well timed and effective. Consequently he got the decision.

95 lbs.—Wemyss vs. Rolph II. Both these lads showed speed and science and went to it like two bantam roosters. Rolph got the decision.

115 lbs.—Young II. vs. De Sherbinin II. Young had his way too much in this bout to make it very interesting. His blows were very hard and effective, and he won by a good margin.

125 lbs.—McClinton vs. Lowndes. Both these boys are excellent boxers and when they got together the fur flew. Lowndes attacked and had the better of the first round. McClinton slugged hard and had the better of the second period; but Lowndes showed more science, and consequently at the conclusion of the third go he was awarded the decision.

135 lbs.—Hume vs. Hutcheson. "Daddy" Hutcheson, who surprised the College the day before by defeating Oxley, was badly

worsted in three whirlwind rounds with Hume. The Huntsville Terror clinched too much and seemed to have lost a great deal of his vigor and so the Westerner, using more science and caution, easily captured the bout.

145 lbs.—Spohn vs. Montgomery. Montgomery easily won this contest, defeating his opponent at every turn. Spohn, however, deserves great credit for having the pluck to enter against Monty. Monty is the champion boxer of the College and as that he is certainly no mean antagonist, and, as was said before, a great deal of credit is due Spohn.

158 lbs.—Bicknell vs. Junor. This bout was a very laughable one from the spectacular view. Neither boy showed much science, but the movements they went through in attacking and guarding were a revelation. Junor won.

Heavyweight—Ross II. vs. MacKeen. This contest was another of the cyclonic variety, both boys going to it with all their might from start to finish. MacKeen, however, landed very heavy blows, and at the conclusion of the third round was the victor and had earned the right to challenge Montgomery for the boxing championship and Bicknell for the wrestling.

#### THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The following week MacKeen and Montgomery met to decide the pugilistic supremacy of the College. The fight was a splendid exhibition. MacKeen, having the advantage of the reach, punished his opponent very severely about the face. Montgomery retaliated, however, by landing some very powerful blows in the region of the solar plexus. After four rounds of the hardest kind of fighting Montgomery was given the decision by a small margin, thereby earning the right to wear the belt for the second year in succession.

MacKeen also challenged for the wrestling championship. He and Bicknell had to compete twice before the honor could be awarded to Bicknell.

#### THE CHAMPIONS.

Fencing—Junior, Allan I.; Senior, Lowndes.

Boxing—Montgomery.

Wrestling—Bicknell.

H. LASH.

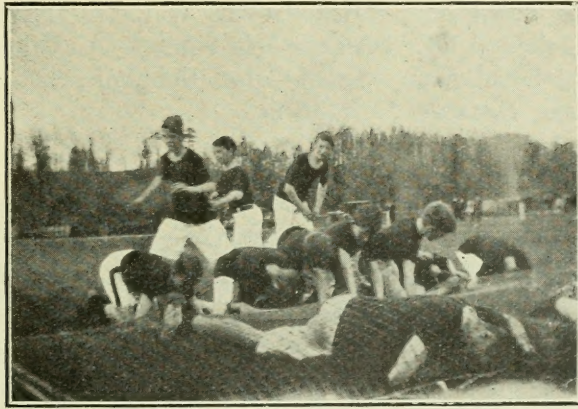


## THE ANNUAL SPORTS

**T**UESDAY afternoon, May the 14th, the day set apart for the annual games, was bright and clear, though a northwesterly breeze made things a trifle uncomfortable, and perhaps proved a detriment to a record attendance. However, the splendid crowd which was present was well sheltered from the wind by a large tent placed at the south end of the field.

The events were well contested and were fully enjoyed by all. Upon the conclusion of the games the prizes were presented by Lady Gibson, after which the younger set repaired to the building where refreshments were served and an informal dance held.

Hamilton I. won the school championship with 30 points. Sharpe



Obstacle Race.

captured the Boarders' Trophy with 8 points, while Johnston III., with 19 points, and Bennett II., with 13 points, divided the Junior honors.

## FRIDAY, MAY 10TH.

One mile run—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Johnston I. Time, 5.15 flat.

## SATURDAY, MAY 11TH.

880 yards—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Dimmock I. Time, 2.23½.

440 yards run—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Dimmock I.; 3rd, Dimmock II. Time, 57.4.

## MONDAY, MAY 13TH.

Throwing the cricket ball (senior)—1st, Blair; 2nd, DeBeek; 3rd, Malcolm, R. Distance, 304 ft. 4 in. Record.

Throwing cricket ball (Junior)—1st, McIvor; 2nd, Malcolm III. Distance, 227 ft. 3 in.

Running high jump (Junior)—1st, Bennett II.; 2nd, Whitaker II.; 3rd, Risteen. Height, 4 ft. 4 in.

Running broad jump (Junior)—1st, Johnston III.; 2nd, Gibson; 3rd, Whitaker II. Distance, 15 ft. 6 in. Record.

Putting shot—1st, Blair; 2nd, Montgomery. Distance, 33 ft. 6 in.

Standing broad jump (Senior)—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Hayes; 3rd, Dimmock I. Distance, 9 ft. 1 in.

Standing broad jump (Junior)—1st, Whitaker II.; 2nd, Risteen; 3rd, Johnston III. Distance, 7 ft. 8 in.

Running broad jump (Senior)—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Sharpe; 3rd, Cocking. Distance, 18 ft. 10 in.

## TUESDAY, MAY 14TH.

50 yards dash, Preparatory Form—1st, Kent; 2nd, Morgan; 3rd, Simpson. Time, .07 3-5.

100 yards dash (Senior)—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Johnston I.; 3rd, Sharpe. Time, .11 1-5.

100 yards dash (under 13)—1st, Whitney; 2nd, Davis II.; 3rd, Kerr. Time, .15.

Three-legged race—1st, Gibson and Willoughby. Time, .08 3-5.

220 yards (Senior)—1st, Bicknell; 2nd, Sharpe; 3rd, Dimmock II. Time, .25 2-5.

Lower School race (handicap)—1st, Cronyn II.; 2nd, King; 3rd, Findley.

100 yards dash (Junior)—1st, Johnston III.; 2nd, Bennett II.; 3rd, Whitaker II. Time, .12.

Hurdle race (Senior)—1st, Dimmock I.; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Sharpe. Time, .21 4-5.

220 yards dash (Junior)—1st, Bennett II.; 2nd, Johnston III.; 3, Whitaker II. Time, .28 2-5.

Sack race—1st, Brown; 2nd, Herschowitz; 3rd, Munn.

Obstacle race—1st, Munn II.; 2nd, Cronyn II.; 3rd, Holms.



Running high jump (Senior)—1st, Dimmock II.; 2nd, Dimmock I. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Hurdle race (Junior)—1st, Johnston III.; 2nd, Whitaker II.; 3rd, Gibson. Time, .19 1-5.

Old boys' race—1st, Munroe; 2nd, Edmunds; 3rd, Skinner.

220 yards (under 17)—1st, Dimmock I.; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Ingram. Time, .26.

Special race, 150 yards (handicap, under 16)—1st, Mosely; 2nd, Whitaker II.; 3rd, Rolph III. Time, .19.

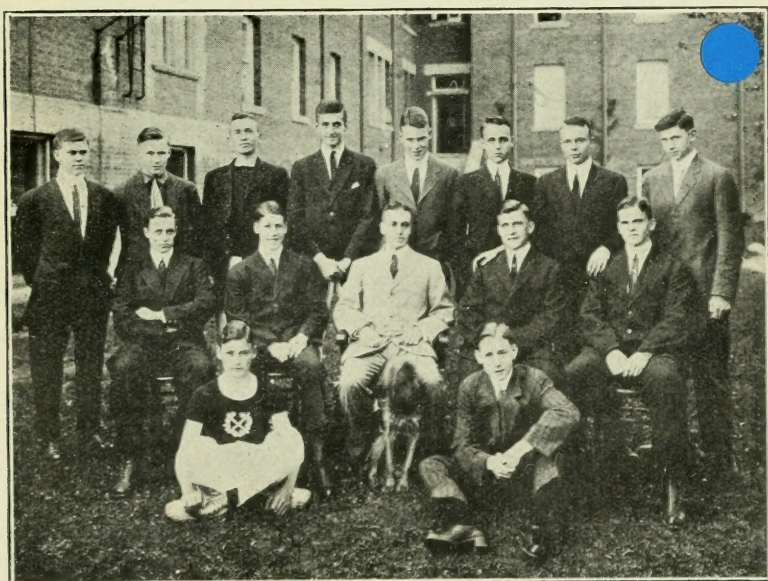
Special race, 75 yards (Lower Flat and 3rd Forms)—1st, Herschkowitz; 2nd, Ingram; 3rd, Rolph III. Time, .09.

Consolation race (Junior)—1st, Smith III.

Consolation race (Senior)—1st, Paterson I.

Table relay race—1st, Bicknell's table. Bicknell's team: Bicknell, Young II., Richardson, Auld. Time, 3.05.

HERB LASH.



The King and Nobility of 1912, and Madam Juno.

### THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

ON Friday evening, March 28th, the sixth annual assault-at-arms was held. The gymnasium, which was very prettily decorated with flags, pennants and pictures, was described by one boy, who, upon seeing the transformation wrought by the decorating committee, exclaimed: "Gee! the old barn looks like a stable."

As eight o'clock, the time set for the exhibition to commence, drew near, the chairs that had been placed around the walls of the building were rapidly filled, and the officers were assured of another successful assault-at-arms.

Shortly after the appointed hour the exhibition was opened by the lads of the Lower School. The intricate marches done by them occasioned long applause.

The Junior Leaders on the German horse performed very creditably, while the wand drill by Form IIIA showed signs of long and careful training.

The first gymnasium team was loudly applauded upon the completion of their exhibition. Each boy went through his movements with an agility and suppleness that speaks highly for the merit of Mr. Chapman, the physical director of the College. Lockhart and Thompson II. merited a hearty reception from the spectators for the neat manner in which they performed the "giant's swing" and the "fly away."

The tumbling of the combined gymnasium teams created a pleasing diversion after the sensational feats of the First Team on the high bar.

The First and Second Teams showed themselves to be masters of the parallel bars when they performed on that apparatus, while the Junior Leaders on the low bar gave a modified exhibition of the feats performed by the First Team a few minutes before.

Ontario's Junior Champion Gymnasium Team next made their appearance with the dumb bells. Working in unison, they presented a pleasing sight, at once commanding the attention and appreciation of all present.

The second part of the programme, which was given over to exhibitions by members of the Isthmian Club, was opened by Grant I. and Herschkowitz, who showed their skill with the foils. Bicknell and Henry I. provided a fast and exciting wrestling bout,

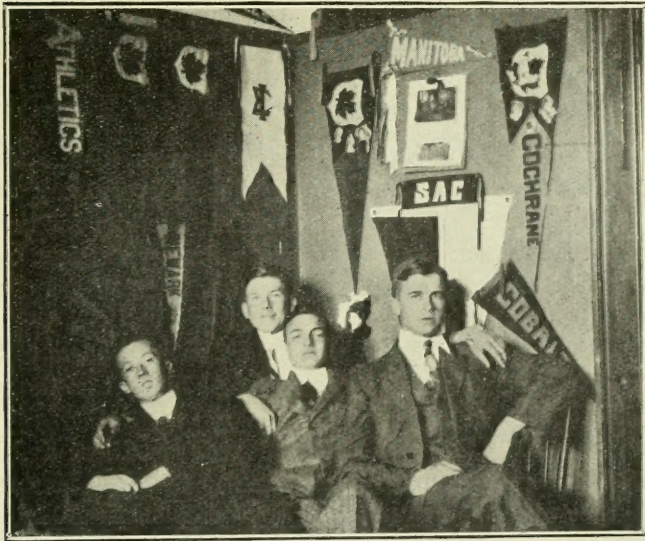


while Montgomery and Lowndes, Carson and Stewart, in the exhibition with the mitts, gave one the idea that there are still a few "white hopes" left.

Stew. Henry's hobo band provided the music of the evening. Their splendid interpretation of "Freddie, Bring the Hammer, Dear, There's a Cow on Hoeffler's Nose," was so vividly rendered that the audience were in tears before the completion of the masterpiece.

Paterson I., Gordon I., and Lash as clowns provided fun for all; much to the delight of the Lower School boys and some of the parents, but much to the consternation of one day boy and a prefect, whose names we would like to mention but cannot.

The National Anthem brought that very pleasant and successful evening to a close.



Room 23.



Shield Team, Winners of Ontario Championship.

### CANADIAN JUNIOR CHAMPIONS' PERSONNEL

**L**OCKHART (Reg.), captain. Second year on team. Also captain of first gymnasium team. Was in every way fitted to captain the team. A great deal of credit is due him for the honor that the team has won. As captain of the first gymnasium team his two "giant's swing, fly away, and back somersault" are deserving of a great deal of praise.

CASSELS I. (Gord.). Graduated from Junior Leaders to Second Team to Shield Team. A neat gymnast. At his best on the parallel bars.

THOMPSON II. (Tommy). Second year on First and Shield Teams. The best all-round gymnast in the College. Masters with ease the most difficult movements. His "east" on the high bar at the assault commanded the appreciation of all present.

COPELAND (Cope). Second year on team. Was a member of last year's Seconds. Has the ability to make the First Team, but is a little too much inclined to be indifferent. A clean, strong gymnast on the parallel bars.



WRIGHT I. (Lin). First year on Shield Team. Worked his way from the Junior Leaders to the First Team. Was a member of the First Team last year. Is a willing and enthusiastic worker.

RICE II. (Herb.). New boy. Was with Jarvis C. I. last year. Made both First and Shield Teams by hard, consistent work. Is to be congratulated on his achievement and for his stick-to-itiveness.

MONTGOMERY (Monty). Second year on both teams. Has made teams only by the hardest kind of work. Deserves much commendation for his exceptionally good form on the parallel bars.

BROWN (Bud). Second year on Shield Team. Began his career as a gymnast as a member of the Junior Leaders. Became their captain, graduated to the Seconds and last year's Shield Team. Finally captured a place on both the First and Shield Teams this year. Is a splendid tumbler and a good all-round gymnast.

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## CHAMPIONS AGAIN

THE second annual gymnastic competition held under the auspices of the Canadian Amateur Gymnastic Association took place Saturday night, March 30th, at the Broadview Y. M. C. A.

The Broadview Y. M. C. A. is a new building erected at a cost of \$45,000, and was opened only a few days prior to this exhibition. It is equipped with the most modern conveniences in every particular, and the St. Andrew's boys who arrived early were shown through the building and were allowed the use of the billiard tables, bowling alleys and reading rooms. We wish to thank the secretary for the courteous way in which he treated us while we were there.

The exhibition was held in the new gymnasium, a splendid structure, and equipped with the most up-to-date apparatus. Above the floor there is a gallery containing a rubber running track, and here chairs were placed, from where the spectators could get a splendid view of the floor.

At 8.30 St. Andrew's, to the "hoot" enthusiastically given by their supporters in the gallery, lined up, and when the Broadviews appeared a few minutes later the contest commenced.

It was quite evident to the spectators that the boys wearing the crimson and white colors easily outpointed their opponents. Each movement was achieved with a precision that spoke well for the training of Mr. Chapman, the physical director of the College.

When the Saints and the East Enders had finished their performance the boys from the Central Y. M. C. A. gave their exhibition.

Comparing theirs with that of the Saints, it may be said that the College outpointed them in the prescribed movements, but the Centrals seemed to have the better of the argument in the voluntaries.

As soon as the Centrals had been judged on the parallel bars the Broadviews marched on and gave their dumb-bell drill. It was this drill that undoubtedly lost for them a good number of points, for they showed lack of practice and did not perform in unison. The Centrals had the floor next and, although these boys came much nearer the standard than the Broadviews, yet they did not come near the style which the Saints showed when they came on next. Swinging harmoniously to the tune of the piano, played so well by Mr. James, they presented a well-balanced squad, working together with a grace and ease that was very pleasing to the eye, and, judging from the applause that followed their exhibition, were greatly appreciated by the large crowd of spectators present.

This is the second time that the shield has been offered for competition, and this is the second time that the College has succeeded in capturing it. Great credit is due, not only to the boys themselves, but to Mr. Chapman, who as physical director of the College has worked hard and faithfully, not only in the interests of the College but in the interests of the boys as a whole and individually, for the winning of the junior championship of Canada the second time in succession.

If we win again next year—and we trust we shall—the shield will become the permanent property of the College.

A great deal of credit must go to Reg. Lockhart, the captain of the team. His form was excellent and he set a splendid example to his team. He came second for the silver medal which is presented to the man making the highest number of points. Hewstace of the Centrals won this with  $28\frac{1}{2}$ , and Lockhart was second with  $27\frac{1}{2}$ .

Mr. James also deserves a great deal of praise for the manner in which he played for the dumb-bell drill. He was very "*instrumental*" in bringing about the victory of the team by his well-timed playing.

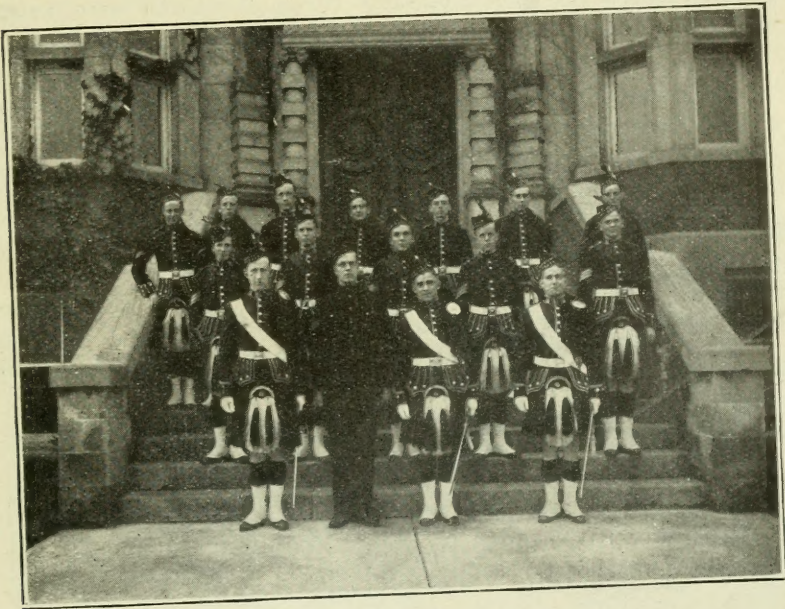
The team: Lockhart (capt.)  $27\frac{1}{2}$ , Cassels I.  $25\frac{3}{4}$ , Montgomery  $25\frac{1}{2}$ , Copeland 25, Thompson II. 25, Brown  $24\frac{1}{4}$ , Rice 24, Wright I.  $23\frac{1}{2}$ .



## Miscellany

### THE CADET CORPS' DANCE

**T**HIS long-looked for and very pleasant event took place on Friday evening, April 19th, and we can say that it was a success in every way. It did not matter whom you danced with, for all the young ladies were as pretty and as winsome as one would wish to meet. In fact, some of them were so pretty and so winsome that a few of the brave cadets—not mentioning any



Officers' Cadet Corps.

names—gave themselves up, and in some cases gave their “arms” up, to their fair captors.

Mrs. MacDonald and Captain Bicknell welcomed the guests as they entered the hall. At eight o'clock the dancing commenced, each one being announced in true military fashion by the bugler.

Between the dances the cosy corners were liberally patronized. Mrs. MacDonald and her energetic staff of workers deserve to be congratulated upon the transformation they made, turning the

dullest classrooms into the cosiest and snuggest sitting-out rooms imaginable.

From the eighth to the thirteenth dance the dainty refreshments, which were served in the dining hall, were partaken of and enjoyed by many.

The dance broke up at an early hour, when the orchestra played the National Anthem, after which the "Hoot" was enthusiastically given by the supporters of the College.

The Cadet Corps and THE REVIEW Staff join in thanking Mr. Taylor for his courtesy in playing for the dancers while the orchestra was being served refreshments. THE REVIEW Staff also wishes to congratulate the officers of the Corps, and all who were instrumental in providing such a splendid evening. H. LASH.

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### SOCIETY NOTES

Mr. L. C. Montgomery and party spent the 24th in Oakville. The town must have been greatly honored. We trust that by now it has regained its former composure.

Mrs. Malone opened her summer home on the holiday. Mrs. McKeague, the handsome young college widow, was indisposed, and could not accompany her. Mrs. McKeague's quick recovery was a welcome joy to her numerous friends.

It has been rumored that Mr. Dudley Ross has been lately receiving letters from Mimico. Cupid has been busy, and we fear that fat Annabel is the direct source of these lengthy documents.

Mr. Gordon Rennie was up the other day on a visit. We trust that he enjoyed his short stay, and hope to have him with us again shortly.

Dr. Macdonald received in his office on Friday evening, the 24th. Messrs. McKeague and Ault, who called, were received hospitably, and enjoyed considerably their brief but pleasant stay. Dr. Macdonald has always been known as a perfect host.

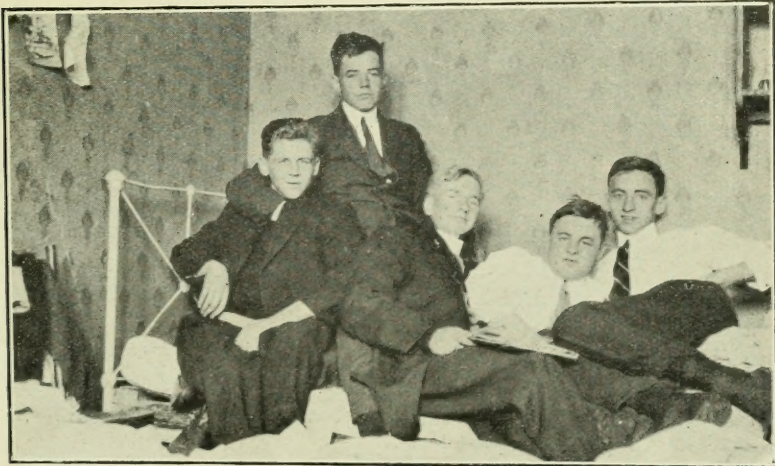


Miss Norah Devlin visited the Island in the afternoon of the 24th, and saw the "Pets" pass one up to Newark.

Mrs. Smoke's little bridge came off very successfully last week. Mrs. Eyan Hoofler carried off the first prize, while Miss Montgomery-Watson was a close second. The hostess wore a beautiful light blue crepe de chine, trimmed with dark green mosquito netting, and carried bulrushes.

Miss Whitfield McKeague gave a charming at home Tuesday night. Among those noticed present were Madame Offins Ross, Miss Tanglefoot Rolph, Miss Ancline Sharpe, Miss Jasimine Auld, Miss Carrie Nation, etc. Miss McKeague wore a sweet smile and a shoe lace and carried a charming bouquet of water pitchers. Miss Rolph spent a very tiresome evening, being forced to sit down all the time, as the ceiling was too low. A short lecture was given by Miss Jasimine Auld on the "Physiology of the Membranes." Miss Rolph supplied refreshments (which Madame Ross ate before anyone else got a chance at them). A wrestling bout was pulled off between Miss McKeague and Miss Sharpe. Unfortunately, it was called off at the end of five minutes, on account of interruption by an uninvited guest. Altogether a very sociable evening was spent, although Miss Rolph received serious injuries through falling out the transom.

L. C. MONTGOMERY.



Incorrigibles.

### THE S.A.C. JOCKEY CLUB MEET

The twelfth annual Jockey Club meeting was held on the club's course on Tuesday, May 14th, at 2.30 p.m. Despite a rather cold day, the grand stand was crowded, and everything went off well. Clerk of the Course Davison, although he now and then disappeared from sight behind some of the hillocks on the field, was generally on hand to make things hum. His cheery countenance, with the occasional help of the reluctant sun, kept everything bright and shining.

Mr. Hamilton's long, thin, black horse, Frank, carried off the guineas. Mr. Hamilton is to be congratulated on the day's performance of his stable. His jumper was suffering from a sore leg, and was unable to compete.

Mr. Dimock's horse, George, fell in the jump, but was able to continue, and won the event with a height of five feet one inch.

Mr. Bicknell's two-year-old captured the 220 yards in good style. This horse runs in a style all its own, but seems to get there somehow.

Mr. Hugh Johnston's horses, though not particularly successful, ran very gracefully, and in some cases were only beaten out at the post. His little brown horse, Hodge, if well trained, should prove a winner next year. Fritz Davison, as trainer, has done his work well.

Mr. Sharpe's horse, though not very beautiful, won third money in several events.

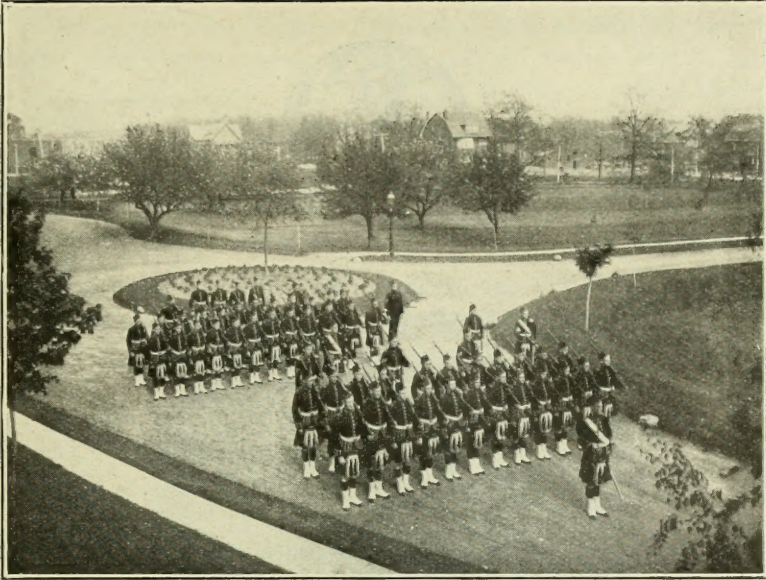
The race for older horses was won by Mr. Elmer Munro's black horse. Mr. Starr Edmond's entry was a bang-up second. There were numerous also-rans.

The meeting on the whole passed off very successfully, and thanks are due the illustrious clerk for his work during the meet.

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On behalf of the College THE REVIEW wishes to thank Irish Constable Malone and his assistant constables, "Tanglefoot" Rolph and "Cursewell" Auld, for their efficient service in keeping the crowds off the field on Sports Day.

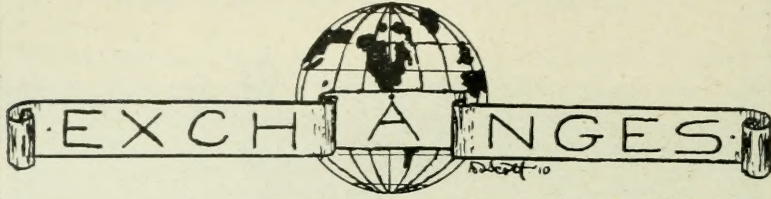




Cadet Corps.



Literary Society.



AS the number of our exchanges has grown so large of late it has become quite impossible to criticize any but a small proportion.

We are pleased to record for the first time *The Windsorian*, *The Lemon and Black*, *The Lawrence*, *The Black and Gold*. The addresses of these magazines appear in the complete list.

*The Lawrence*, from Lawrenceville School, is a weekly publication, in newspaper form. The quality of the material throughout speaks well for the editors, and shows that there is the concerted effort of the whole school to back them.

*The Black and Gold* comes all the way from Honolulu High School, and is in every way a first-class paper. The editorials, school notes, and exchanges are particularly well written.

*The Chronicle*.—We are glad to receive the April and May numbers of *The Chronicle*, from Niagara Falls High School. Both are enclosed in attractive covers, contain good reading matter and clever jokes.

*The Mirror*.—It would be hard to criticize, and still harder to improve on, the April *Mirror*, from Philadelphia Central High School.

*The Ashburian* has good athletics and general school news. We are also glad to see a very amusing story, "The H.M.S. Destroyer," which gives one many new ideas regarding naval matters.

*The Windsorian* is published annually by the Windsor Collegiate School. Why not publish oftener? Your paper merits it.



*The Arbor*, from Toronto University, is in a class by itself for literary excellence, replete as it is with interesting stories, well-written editorials, and all else that goes to make up one of the best magazines of its kind in circulation.

*The Pharos*.—We have been unable to find any exchange column in the April *Pharos*. Otherwise the magazine is good, and has, in the reading matter, much of general interest, as well as a good joke column.



Librarians.

*The Calendar*.—We have received the March and April numbers of *The Calendar*, Central High School, Buffalo. The cover of the March edition is, perhaps, the best, but the April number is the most interesting. Both are well illustrated. Like *The Pharos*, we search in vain for your exchanges.

The following is the complete list of exchanges, all of which we hope to see again next year: *The Blue and White*, Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.B.; *Acta Victoriana*, Victoria University, city; *Acta Ridleiana*, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; *The Iris*, Philadelphia High School for Girls, Philadelphia; *The Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *The University Monthly*, McMaster University, Toronto; *Alt Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Review*, Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *The Quill*, Alcium Prep. School, 11 1-2 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York; *College Echoes*, Tensin Anglo-Chinese College, Tensin, China; *Lux Columbia*, Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Calendar*, Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *The Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.; *Vox Lycei*, Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Ottawa; *Acadia Athenaeum*, Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Magazine*, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Mirror*, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Arbor*, Toronto University, Toronto; *The Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *The Argo*, Rutgers Prep. School, New Brunswick, N.J.; *The Collegiate Outlook*, Moosejaw Collegiate, Saskatchewan; *The Collegian*, St. Thomas Collegiate, St. Thomas, Ont.; *The College World*, Madi-



Enthusiasts.



son Avenue, New York; *The Branksome Slogan*, Branksome College, Toronto; *The Pharos*, Royal City High School, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Scotch Collegian*, Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia; *The Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope; *The Chronicle*, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; *The Daedalian Monthly*, College of Ind. Arts, Texas; *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, Toronto University, Toronto; *The Stranger*, King Edward High School, Vancouver, B.C.; *The School Magazine*, Lower Canada College, Montreal; *Bishop's College School Magazine*, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.; *The Lemon and Black*, Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va.; *The McGill Daily*, McGill University, Montreal; *The Laurence*, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville; *The Winsorian*, Windsor Collegiate School, Windsor, N.S.; *The Black and Gold*, McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii.

D. W. M.



Turkey Trot.

## CRIBBED FROM EXCHANGES

Teacher—"What are you doing?"

Pupil—"Thinking."

Teacher—"Don't do it too long. You know unaccustomed exercise tires one."

The Officer—"The time has come for your execution, and I shall grant your last wish."

The Soon-to-Be-Hanged—"Well, I want some ripe peaches."

The Officer—"Peaches! Why, this is not the season for them."

The Soon-to-Be-Hanged—"Oh, well, that makes no difference! I can wait for them."

Teacher—"And what do you suppose all the animals did during those forty days on the ark?"

Smart Pupil—"Oh, they just loafed and scratched themselves."

Knocker (disdainfully)—"Chuck it, smarty! What would they all scratch for when there were only two fleas?"

Dear Teacher,—Please excuse Mary for being absent from school yesterday. She got wet in the A.M. and cold in the P.M., and so she could not come to school. Yours truly, Mrs. —.

## HOLIDAY WEATHER.

"Roasting!" cries the turkey.

"Chili!" says the sauce.

"Freezing!" moans the ice cream.

"Mild!" calls the cheese across.

"Frosting!" the cake declares it.

"Clear!" vows the jelly bright.

"Pouring!" the coffee giggles.

Now which do you think is right.—*Ex.*

"Lady," said Wandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got the hiccups an' I want to scare him."



Diminutive Nouns.—If a cowlette is a little cow, should we call a little bull a bull-et?

The Boss—"Why are you so late, Murphy?"

Murphy—"Sure, I overslept myself, sir. I dreamt I was at a football match, which ended in a draw. The referee ordered an extra half-hour to be played, and I stopped to see the finish."

"Willie," said his aunt, "there was an apple pie on this shelf this morning and it has disappeared. I didn't think it was in you, indeed I didn't, Willie."

"Well, 'tishn't all in me," said Willie. "Half of it's in Mary."

If you'll watch the baseball pitcher  
You'll presently be shown  
That every little movement  
Has a meaning of its own.

Binns—"At home, in New York, a man fell off a building on Broadway a week ago——."

David—"Oh, my! Was he killed?"

Binns—"I don't know; he hasn't landed yet."

The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland. The patent saint of England is Union Jack.

An old soldier is called a vegetarian.

A centipede is a French measure of length.

The Home Office is where Home Rule is made.

A bishop without a diocese is called a suffragist.

In the houses of the poor the drains are in a fearful state, and quite unfit for human habitation.

"Edward V. reigned only a few months."

Bright Student—"You couldn't call that a reign—only a sprinkle."—*E. H. S. News.*

Easier.—A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Loando," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?"

"S-c-Se-u-er-er—Tell him I'll meet him at Albany."

First Miss—"He said I was a beautiful poem."

Second Miss—"Did he scan those feet of yours?"

Mother (angrily)—"Joe Jefferson, how many times must I call yo' befo' I can make yo' heah?"

Joe Jeff—"Dunno; you stand thah an' I'll sit heah an count."

An Irish captain, surrounded by his small body of soldiers, was about to be attacked. He turned to his soldiers and cried:

"Will ye fight or will ye run?"

"We will," they cried.

"Ye will what?"

"We will not."

"Thank ye, me men, but I thought ye would."

Definition of a school paper: A school paper to which one per cent. of the scholars contribute and which ninety-nine criticize.

Something That Was Worse.—A friend once wrote Mark Twain a letter, saying he was in very bad health, and concluding: "Is there anything worse than having toothache and earache at the same time?"

Twain wrote back: "Yes, rheumatism and Saint Vitus' dance."

Freshie—"What's the best way to tell a bad egg?"

Senior—"I don't know, but I would suggest that if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently."

Uncle Hi—"Wall, Jephtha, when air you agoin' ter fix that fence along the creek?"

Jephtha Holler—"Why, I'm awaitin' till Clarence comes home from college. Y'see he's takin' fencin' lessons there, and probably he kin put me onter a new wrinkle or two."



Teacher—"Give the dative for 'donum'."

Pupil—"Don' know."

Teacher—"Correct."

There was an old doctor lived long ago,  
Who hired a fellow to shovel his snow;  
But instead of a shovel he gave him a hoe,  
For he was a ho-me-o-path, you know.

A stranger to the South was watching a peculiar species of hog, scratching its back against a tree. Turning to a colored man, he said:

"What kind of a hog is that?"

"Razor back," said old Jim.

"What's he doing?"

"Why, he's jest stroppin' up."

Modest Suitor—"I am going to marry your sister, Jimmy, but I know I am not good enough for her."

Candid Little Brother—"That's what Sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better."

"You young scamp! I've caught you smoking my cigars!"

"Yes, pa-er-er-you see, I heard ma say that you were smoking yourself to death, and-er-I'm trying to save your life."

Biggs—"My half-brother is engaged to my wife's half-sister."

Diggs—"When will they be made one?"

Clerk—"I'm afraid I can't let you have that drug, sir."

Customer—"Why not? Do I look like a man who would kill himself?"

Clerk—"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir; but if I looked like you I should be tempted."

Fresh Fresh—"What struck you first when you entered the C. H. S. basement?"

Second Fresh—"I don't remember whether it was an apple core or a piece of pie."

"Eavesdropping!" exclaimed Adam, as his wife tumbled out of the fig tree.

The Cuff—"Wilt thou?"

The Collar—"I wilt."

Jones—"I believe that boots and shoes are being made of all kinds of skin these days.

"Is that so," asked his friend Smith; "then how about banana skins?"

Jones—"They make good slippers."

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them.

A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.

Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbohic acid it is very injurious to health.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

In India a man out of cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.

Thomas Becket used to wash the feet of leopards.

Romulus obtained the first citizens for Rome by opening a lunatic asylum.

The Rhine is bordered by wooden mountains.

Algebraic symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

A renegade is a man who kills a king.

The press to-day is the mouth organ of the people.

A lie is an aversion to the truth.

Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

Mrs. Reid—"Oh, dear! Deskin has gone shooting clay pigeons. I don't know how I shall ever clean them."

Little bits of paper

Labelled I. O. U.,

Daily bring the Christian

Nearer to the Jew.



A Freshman was wrecked on an African coast  
Where a cannibal king held sway;  
And they served up that Frenchman on slices of toast  
On the eve of the very next day.  
But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,  
For ere the next moon was seen  
By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,  
For the Freshman was terrible green.—*Ex.*

## PUZZLERS.

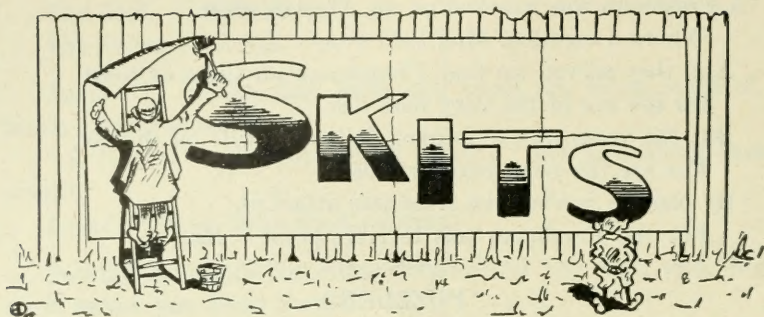
Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?  
Or a key for a lock of his hair?  
Can his eyes be called an academy  
Because there are pupils there?  
In the crown of his head what gems are set?  
Who travels the bridge of his nose?  
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,  
The nails that he has on his toes?  
What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?  
Who plays on the drums of his ears?  
And who can tell the cut and style  
Of the coat his stomach wears?  
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?  
If so, what did it do?  
How does he sharpen his shoulder-blades?  
I'll be hanged if I know! Do you?

"I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the Judge, strongly, "will be expelled from the court room and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.

Then the judge pondered.

There was a girl in our choir,  
Her voice rose higher and higher;  
It rose to such height  
It got quite out of sight,  
And they found it next day on the spire.



GIRL friend writing to Lash after Grange has visited Galt: "Don't you think George's hair is too cute for anything?"

McKeague (meeting J. K. Wilson on Yonge Street)—"Hello, old chum, how are you?"

Hoeffler (in his sleep)—"Meet me at the village pump, Mariah."

Mr. Chapman (to Denton and Grant, who are playing checkers in the library)—"Playing chess, boys?"

Denton—"Chess, sir."

Hoeffler (hearing them blasting in the bay)—"There goes another tire."

Boys (after being caught out of bounds)—"Sir, Mr. Taylor told us to report to you."

Mr. Laidlaw—"What! another cavalry round-up?"

#### THOSE IRISH AGAIN.

Mr. Mc— (to Henry I., who has yelled out in class)—"Don't you talk till I *told* you."

Dr. Macdonald (to Thompson II. in Room 2)—"Are you in this room, Thompson?"

Tommy—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Macdonald—"How did you get in here? I thought this room was full of good-looking boys."



Boug—"I spent 10 cents last Saturday."

Herschkowitz—"What on?"

Boug—"Oh, the usual—wine, women and song."

First Junior House Boy—"Have you got your *Eaton* suit yet?"

Second Junior House Boy—"No, I'm going to get mine at *Simpson's*."

McClinton to Hutchings I.—"Why have you your coat collar turned up? It isn't cold."

Hutch.—"No, but I'm wearing a new tie my wife sent me."

Livingstone (to DeSherbinin I.)—"Say, dirty shirt, why don't you wash yourself this morning?"

"Dirty Shirt"—"I can't. This is the morning I clean my shoes."

Stew. Henry (in his sleep)—"I wonder who'll bury the last man?"

First Boy—"I had two teeth pulled the other day and couldn't eat, but the school didn't give me any discount on my meals."

Second Boy—"Same here. I had a sore eye and I went to a moving picture show, and they charged me as much as anybody else."

Paterson I. (to Mr. Taylor)—"Please, sir, may I have leave home?—my grandmother's dead."

Mr. Taylor—"Well, that's too bad. When did she die?"

Paterson I. (getting red and white by turns)—"Please, sir, three years ago."

Ben Allen (watching Junior House boys playing)—"Gee! I wish I was a kid again!"

Wallace I.—"Have you ever read *David Copperfield*?"

Grange—"Yes."

Wallace I.—"What's it about?"

Grange—"About a thousand pages."

Rankin (coming up from shower)—"Gee! fellows, I've lost ten pounds."

"Cocky" Munn—"Say, fellows, when I came here first I thought that the motto over the door was Canadian for 'Knock; the bell is broken.'"

First Boy—"My! but the coffee is weak."

Second Boy—"Yes, mine is so weak it can hardly crawl out of the cup, let alone run out."

McKeague (to his *friend's* brother)—"May I see your sister *pretty* soon?"

Her Brother—"You'll see her *pretty* all right. She's been fixing up to beat the band."

Mr. Tudball (to Leckie, who is eating an apple in class)—"Leckie, *put away* that apple and take four quarters."

Leckie—"Please, sir, I'm putting it away as fast as I can."

Mr. Taylor—"If they were to give you bread in Toronto—as the Romans did in Rome—there would be a multitude of *loafers* in the city."

New Nurse (to Mr. Tudball, coming into sickroom)—"Have you a written order?"

Mr. Fleming (to Whitaker I.)—"What are you reading, Whitaker?"

Whitaker I.—"The Canadian History of Newfoundland, sir."

Weymuss (in Ancient History class)—"Please, sir, did Julius Caesar ever go to British Columbia?"

Mr. Taylor—"Certainly not. Why?"

Weymuss—"Well, sir, it has in the book Julius Caesar, B.C."

Girl (to Malcolm I.)—"Are you a prefect, Ross?"

Malcolm I.—"N-n-no, but I know as much as they do."

Hoeffler (to Mackeen, last year's fencing champion)—"I've done more fencing than you have. I fenced our whole farm last summer."



Hoeffler—"I bet our crop of potatoes will beat yours this year."

Ingram—"Not so sure about that; but I'll bet you a squash our turnips will beat yours."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Admiral Van Trome sailed up the midway with a broom at his masthead, saying he was going to sweep the sea."

Copeland—"Why didn't he use Dutch Cleanser, sir?"

Mr. Knighton (to Richardson)—"Have you been throwing water on the flat, Richardson?"

"Butsy"—"No, sir, I just turned the pitcher upside down and gravity did the rest. I couldn't help it, sir."

McClinton—"I know six ways to cook a steak and three ways to make a pie."

Dyment—"Go down and show the cook."

Mr. Taylor (in IVB)—"Who holds up the world?"

De Sherbinin I.—"Jack Johnston, sir."

Mr. Laidlaw (to Taylor)—"What was the state church of Ireland?"

Taylor—"St. Patrick, sir."

Mr. Taylor—"What is Aberdeen noted for?"

Risteen—"My ancestors ca' n there, sir."

Mr. Harris (to Calvert)—"What is a peasant?"

Calvert—"A bird, sir."

Bicknell's voice was the admiration of one and all at the garri-son parade. "Some lungs, Jimmy!"

Johnston I. (who is losing a game of tennis—"I guess the Royals must be having a slump again."

Day Boy to Boarder—"Where is 'Dutch' Nelson now?"

Boarder—"Passed away."

Day Boy—"What! Dead?"

Boarder—"No; Montreal."

## CURIOSITIES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

We now have a "Red" Black and a black White.

Johnston I. (seeing in the paper that Montreal has lost)—  
"Well, the Royals have lost another game."

"Bunch"—"Poor Hughie!"

Bicknell (at Cadet Corps inspection)—"If I don't get flustered  
I'm *alwight* (all right)."

Old Lady (seeing Dunning in church parade)—"My! what a  
big nose that boy *has* got!"

McKeague (showing his *delicate* ankle)—"Say, fellows, I could  
get fifty dollars for this exhibition."

## CRIBBED FROM THE UPPER SIXTH "TRUMPET."

## POEMS ON THE INMATES.

"*Monty.*"

There was a young fellow named Lorne,  
Who never wore clothes that were torn.  
He is the head prefect  
And hasn't a *de*-fect,  
But some wish he hadn't been born.

*Smoke.*

A jolly old bummer called Smoke  
Is really a queer-looking bloke.  
His smile is real sunny,  
And oftentimes funny,  
But most people think he's a joke.

*Devlin.*

A handsome young fellow named Harry,  
Who always is cheerful and merry,  
Is known as a fusser,  
But not as a cusser;  
Some say he's a shape like a fairy.



*Auld and Gauld.*

Another young bummer named Auld,  
And also another called Gauld,  
In this little form  
Create a big storm,  
So we think they both should be mauled.

*McClinton.*

Said a fellow named Billy McClinton  
To his lady friend, "Please quit your squintin'.  
I'll get ready to pike,  
And go home if you like,  
But for goodness sake cut out the hinting."

*Watson.*

This fellow was christened as Bill;  
He drives an auto with great skill.  
Some girls say he's cute,  
But others just hoot  
And holler out, "Give him a pill!"

Old Lady (to friend, as the Cadets are marching past)—"Oh,  
here come the Mimico Industrial School boys."

Bell Boy (coming into study)—"Please, sir, Allen is wanted  
downstairs."

Allen—"Is it on the phone?"

Bell Boy—"No; a man——"

Mr. Laidlaw—"Kindly settle it outside."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Who are you making faces at, Olinger?"

Olinger—"At the ceiling." (See Ling.)

Mr. Laidlaw—"Don't do it. Leave the Chinaman alone."

Mr. W. (referring to animal kingdom)—"Name something you  
eat that is obtained from an animal."

Bright Prep. Kid—"Moccasins."

## LATEST SONGS.

- "Everybody's Doing It"—Cricket.  
 "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree"—Walk Leave.  
 "When the Autumn Leaves Are Falling, Hockey Approaches Winter"—Hockey.  
 "March, March On, Down the Hill"—Rugby.  
 "On the Bonnie Heights of Scotland"—Cadet Corps.  
 "Oh, Gee! Poor Me, Never No More"—Detention.  
 "I Want to be a Prima Donna, Donna"—Martha.  
 "There's No Place Like Home"—On June 14.  
 "I Want a Girl"—Ingram.

## POPULAR LITTLE BALLADS.

"How's the Flat Fixed for Soap?"—Sung by the Upper Flat Choir.

"Company, Dismiss!"—Sung by Captain Bicknell. Answered by the "tin soldiers."

"I've Had a Bath! Oh, What a Relief!"—Sung by Olinger on his 18th birthday as a juvenile celebration.

"Oh, For to be Like Casey!"—Sung by Grant I, II. and III.

Hoeffler (entering Oakville)—"Oh, what a big place; bigger than Webbwood even."

As Henry I. and Hoeffler were walking down the main street of Oakville someone was heard to say: "Gee! those fellows must be society bugs from Windsor."

Odell I. (reading in First Form)—"Then came to their ears the sound as of a rushing, splashing cascade (cataract)."

Richardson (as Mr. Duff walks in front of the Cadets' firing line)—"Be careful, sir! That means sudden death!"

Mr. Duff—"It's better than teaching VB in any case."

Malone—"Get the socks on Mike Hallam."

Somerville I.—"Yes, he has to wear loud socks to keep his feet from going to sleep."



## LOGICAL.

Alf Lindsay—"If you are coming down town with me, you can't stay here, can you?"

Mr. Taylor—"What! Are you laughing at me?"

Boy—"No, sir."

Mr. T.—"Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

Young I. (translating French)—"How I begrudged myself the time lost in *bird-nesting*."

Junor—"I don't."

Some famous songs—"Oh! Where is My Wandering Do To-Night?"—Sung by Mr. T——, composed by Mr. Mc——.

"There Is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away."—Sung by the Westerners. Author unknown.

"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" — Sung by Olinger, words and music by Reg. Wilson.

"All That I Ask Is More."—Sung by the day-boys who attend lunch.

"Good-night, Dear; Good-night, Dear."—Sung by Bell (over the phone).

Jots from Afar.—"Who said they'd 'Cary' Nation?"

Head Prefect (lecturing smallest boy in Junior House)—"I'm surprised! *You* fussing with a girl!"

Smallest Boy—"You can't talk, Monty."

Promissory note to Dymont.—I promise to love *only* Irvine Dymont, all the time he is away in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. If he should ask me to marry him, I promise to say y-e-s. (Signed.)  
R. J.

Bell, to Mr. Taylor—"Sir, may I have leave to Yonge Street?"

Mr. T.—"Get the correct time when you are there."

Bell—"Sir, I have no watch."

Mr. T.—"Put it down on a piece of paper."

Watson (riding with friend and nearing popcorn stand) —  
"My! that popcorn smells good!"

Watson—"Just wait. I'll drive a little closer."

Lindsay—"S-s-s-say, wha-wha-wh-w-hat—."

Driver (interrupting him)—"Say, Lindsay; why don't you swallow some glue, so as you can stick your words together before you speak."

What would it seem like—

If McKeague was to grow slim?

If Might grew tall?

If "Casey" Malcolm was to shrink?

If "Lord" Meredith came back?

If we got eleven o'clock leave?

If the day-boys came early in the morning?

If the meals were longer and better?

If Olinger's mail was to stop?

If Wilson was not love-sick?

Olinger (to Wilson—"Say, Reg.; I'm going to join the Delta Phi fraternity."

Wilson—"That's nothing! I'm a member of the Sigma Beta."



Those wishing to be subscribers to the "Munsie Daily New," please apply to Donald Olinger. Rates cheap. Room 29, Upper Flat.

Tragedy in four acts:

Act I.—Cram.

Act II.—Exam.

Act. III.—Flunk.

Act IV.—Trunk.

#### UPPER SIXTH NOTES.

(Dedicated to A. S. Smoke.)

Arthur is a little boy, with hair upon his head;  
At half-past eight most every night he toddles off to bed.  
He studies Latin, French, and Greek, and also some mathematics,  
But when he comes to school next day he partakes not in athletics.

#### TO HARVEY GAULD.

Harvey Gauld is getting bald  
From Latin, French, and Greek;  
And he gets sore, and becomes a bore,  
When we won't let him speak.  
So we get Dev-lin, who is so thin,  
To put him in the Hall;  
And we laugh and roar when he gets sore,  
And he goes to his room to ball.

#### TO "JAMIE" AULD.

Jamie is our student—of this we are aware;  
For you can tell he's a genius by looking at his hair.  
We often give him money to go and have it cut,  
But he buys gum and candies just over at the Tuck.  
Now, since we have stopped giving, his hair begins to curl,  
And when he goes down Yonge Street he's taken for a girl.

## RAINY DAY CONVERSATION.

Lindsay—"This is a fine day for ducks."

Boech—"Whoever wants to wear ducks on a day like this?"

Mr. T.—"Sit up, Findley."

Class VA—"Findley isn't here."

Mr. T.—"Two hours, Findley, and sit up."

Class VA—"Findley isn't here!"

Mr. T.—"Four hours, if you won't sit up. I shall report you. (Coming down.) Oh! it's you, Brown, is it? Why have you a suit like Findley's?"

Mr. Mills (acting)—"Avant thee! Gettest thyself hence, thou villain! At last, after five years, I have met thee!"

Boy—"Oh! I didn't do anything!"

Mr. Mills—"How is that? I suppose you know I was on the stage once?"

Boy—"What play did you act in?"

Mr. Mills—"I was on the stage that ran between Oakville and Hamilton."

Mr. Findlay—"Your ink seems to be light and watery."

Paterson I.—"Sir, it's College ink."

Mr. Taylor—"Are you asleep, Hayes?"

Hayes—"Yes, sir."

Dud Ross (at the table)—"Say, fellows! Every time I go down town grandpa gives me 50 cents."

The Fellows—"Holly gee!"

"Dud"—"Well, it's worth the money to him."

Some fellows went to the ball game on Sports Day to see the "birds" play, but Junor had the "Birds" right with him.



Monty (to Freddie, who is sharpening his knife previous to visiting a certain family)—“Who are you going to operate on, Freddie?”

Freddie—“T-t-t-the parrot.”

Question—Why did Bicknell stand at the corner of the tennis court on Sports Day?

Answer—Waiting for his family, of course.

Inmate of Mimico Asylum (to Malone, who has just missed the ball)—“That may go in Ireland, but it don't go here.”

Gord. Ross (to Dymont, after hearing the Mimico Asylum inmates yelling for about half an hour)—“I believe they're all crazy here.”

McKeague (reading composition)—“And he squeezed the princess' pretty hand.”

Mr. Findlay—“You don't *squeeze* princesses' hands; you *press* them.”

Voice from back of the room—“How do you know, sir?”

Overheard at Mimico: Inmate—“Come again, Herbie; come again.”

They're not as crazy as they look. Inmate (to Ross I., Stephen, Lash, and Dymont)—“You four fellows run away down to that wharf and just say, ‘Here goes nothing!’ and jump in.”

Daily Topics.—Parson & Lash, dealers in fine new and second-hand straw hats. We have a good line. Come and look them over.

P. C. (Mr.) Harris brought a charge against Hoeffler for skipping bounds, but his lawyers pleaded complete insanity and the “beak” let him off on suspended sentence.

Mr. Gordon Spohn is again arranging to have a summer training camp for aspirants of next fall's first Rugby team. Mr. Spohn has met with considerable success in the past, and the outlook for next year is very bright.

First Boy—When are the blazers going to be done?"

Second Boy—"How should I know? I'm not the tailor. Go up and ask the head house master. He's the only Taylor around here."

Dyment (making a mysterious noise over the phone)—"Did you get that, dear?"

Billy Howard (to Cantley, who is going home)—"Remember me to all the friends at Riviere du Loup, Don."

Ross II.—"Here, here! No foreign language at this table!"

Found on Room 20's table, after Sports Day, a note, containing the following: "Dear Jimmy,—We called, but you were out. With love, from Vi and Ev." Owners will kindly apply for same at bursar's office.

Father Hutchison (after his fistic encounter with Oxley)—"Neither of us lost our tempers. That was the beauty of it."

Mistaken identity by Mrs. J.—"Hurry up, *Jumbo!* Go and let *Jimmy* in. I hear him scratching at the door."

Female Inmate at Mimico (to Malone and Dyment)—"When shall we three meet again?"

Malone (looking at milk pitcher—"Gee! the water's milky today!")

Mackeen to Auld—"We've both had a hair cut. Let's shake ourselves."





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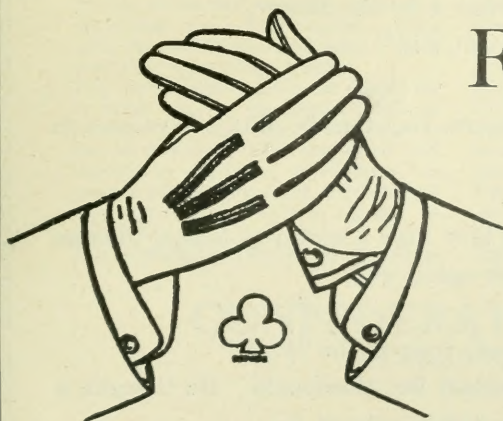
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Hutchings II. (as automobile shot past him—"Hey! You just missed me by an inch!")

Chaffeur—"Never mind, I'll be back directly."

Mr. Taylor (in prayers)—"I will now *sing* Psalm 101."

Dr. Beemer (to "Offie" Ross, at Mimico)—"You've been here before, haven't you?"

Ross—"No."

Dr. Beemer—"Well, anyway, your face looks familiar."

She—"And will you really put yourself out for my sake?"

Wilson—"Indeed, I will."

She—"Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy."

Freddie (to friend at Sports Day)—"I wonder if Lady Gibson would like to hear me cackle."

The Popular Young Man, Malcolm I. (to Freddie)—"Gee! Freddie, I wish I was like you. I can't get the girls mad at me."

Mr. Taylor—"You laugh like a hyena, Henry."

Olinger—"How do you laugh, sir?"

Freddie was so busy on Sports Day that he didn't have time to stutter.

Bicknell and Stephen (as they near a crowd of female inmates at Mimico)—"Oh, here we are again, girls!"

Auld—"Oh! we had a dandy time on the 24th!"

"Cupid" McKeague—"So had Dr. Macdonald. He thought it was my birthday and gave me *ten*——."





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## The Danger of Delay

Putting off the day when you will make application for a life insurance policy will, on consideration, be seen to be a most shortsighted line of action.

It is shortsighted because the sound risk of to-day may be the unsound risk of to-morrow. One's own determination is not the only thing to be considered, and to-morrow, owing to your illness, or some accidental occurrence, the Company may have to decline to issue a policy on your life.

It is shortsighted because the premiums

charged increase with each year of age. Every year adds something to the cost of protection. Therefore, common business prudence should lead you to insure at as early an age as possible.

It is shortsighted because an Endowment Policy is an excellent means of saving money, and a man cannot start too soon to accumulate for his old age.

You will find it to your advantage to talk the matter over with, and obtain full particulars from, a representative of the Confederation Life Association.

## CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

*Head Office: Toronto, Canada*

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W. D. MATHEWS, Esq., FREDERICK WYLD, Esq., Vice-Presidents

J. TOWER BOYD, General Superintendent of Agencies W. C. MACDONALD, Secretary and Actuary

Mackeen (to Junor, who has just finished shaving)—“Save the lather, Ken. I come next.”

Stranger (looking at “Methuse” Manville’s nose)—Jerusalem! O Jerusalem!

Henry I., Paterson I. & Hoeffler, Pawnbrokers.

“Casey” Malcolm—“Now, on my father’s private car——.”  
Chorus—“Groans.”

Room 16’s new motto: “Whisper; Don’t Talk.”

Ault (to Henry II.)—“Gee! I’d hate to be stuck on myself.”

Young I. (to Mackeen)—“Gee! David, you must have used a lot of carfare going down to the R. M. C. exams.”

Mackeen—“Don’t worry! My face saved me on many occasions.”

Ben Allen (when he was threatened with appendicitis)—Oh, doctor! Send for the Goderich brass band!”

Lindsay—“Say, Billie, how did McKeague become so fat?”

Watson—“Why, his roommates threw him out the window and he came down *plump*.”

Paterson I. (to Dymment)—“What’s the girl like whose photo you have in the back of your watch?”

Dymment—“Oh! she’s behind the time!”

Henry I. (going around upper flat with suitcase, previous to going down town)—“Any rags, suits, old boots to-day?” We wonder where he could have been going?



# MUNSIE'S MAGAZINE

GREAT SERIAL STORY  
— NOW RUNNING —

## SNOOK

A Tale of LOVE and VALOR  
SAD BUT SWEET

As our former agent, D. Olinger, has resigned, the position is open. Some good-looking St. Andrew's boy please apply.

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## Dack's

are the best, that is, if you have ever worn them. If not, you had better get busy and buy a pair at



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We offer you the most up-to-date fabrics shown in Toronto; we guarantee superior workmanship. We give 10 per cent. off to students and Professors.

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38 to 40 ADELAIDE ST. WEST

Stu. Henry (talking in his sleep)—“You, Alve Ingram, with your airy voice and city ways.”

More cribs from the Upper Sixth Trumpet: To Hoeffler:

Another queer sucker is cow—  
He's built on the plans of a scow;  
At the church parade,  
A natty young maid  
Said: “Show me that IanHoeffler now.”

To Rennie:

And last, but not least, there is Gord.,  
A day-boy who never would board;  
The time he spends here  
Is not quite, we fear,  
As much as he ought to afford.

Mackeen (at the races)—“If I could only bet a nickel I might give odds on Heresy.”

Shakespeare may have written drama and tragedy, but, in our estimation, none of his works equal “Cow” Hoeffler's financial story entitled “Room 22,” in which Master D. W. Mackeen takes the part of Shylock—“I shall never see my gold again.” Master J. W. Young takes the part of Antonio—“In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.” Master K. W. Junor appears as Portia—“I am informed thoroughly of the case. Which is the merchant here and which the Jew?”

“Dud” Ross (on the day of the Branksome Hall closing)—“Oh, yes! All the girls were on the lawn to see me go past in my car.”

Lowndes I.—“I am a shark at spelling.”

Cooper—“Yes, all at sea.”



# A. Lochoe

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WANTED—By boy in Room 32, with an automobile, a girl to go joy-riding; red hair preferred.

WANTED—Old clothes, boots, etc.; good prices offered. Paterson I., Hoeffler & Henry Co., Ltd. Office hours, 3 to 6.

Hume (looking at some polywogs)—“Gee! They are a low sort of animal!”

De Boeck (absent-mindedly)—“Yes; they do swim near the bottom.”

Hume and Blair's weekly lectures on “Vancouver” will be held on the first of each week, in Room 32. All Eastern fellows wishing any knowledge of Vancouver are cordially invited.

“Father” Hutcheson wishes to announce that he will open his class in physical exercises on June 15th.

#### TROTUS TURKIOSUS.

“Omnes id Faeiunt,”

Omnes nunc id faciunt, faciunt, faciunt.

Viditi ibi duos sedentes,

Aeri perspicite umores,

Dactylla, amica salientes,

Ursam esse declaro jactantes,

Omnes nunc id faciunt, faciunt, faciunt.

Musica corda attingit,

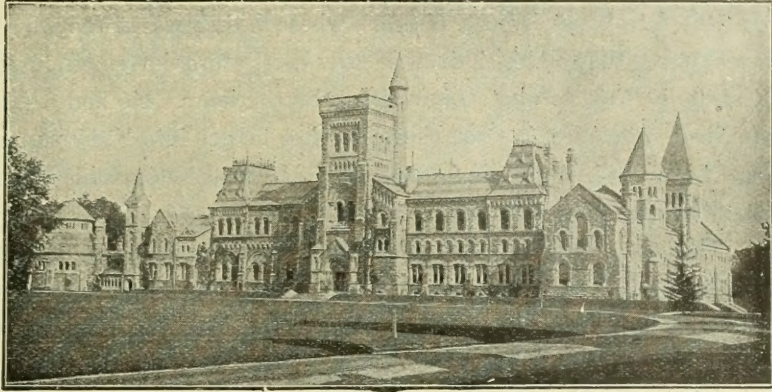
Libra norme parte frangit,

Audite? Venite inus,

Omnes etram id faciunt.

—Duet by “Jamie” Auld and Henrietta De Vlin. Music: Tune of “Turkey Trot.”





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FORESTRY

For information apply to the REGISTRAR OF THE UNIVERSITY  
or to the Secretaries of the respective Faculties.

In the little village of *Manville* there was situated a *Grange*. In this farmhouse lived a *Hunter*, whose father was a *Parson*; his eyes were *White*, his hair was *Black*. Before he came to this *Grange* he used to quote *Livingstone* by the hour. He had a *Clare* (clear) conscience, but somehow or other he got into bad company, and began to live a *Cruickshank* life. He used to *Lash* his son for stealing eggs in the *Henry*.

This son, *Stephen* used to go down to the river and look for *Spohn*, but his eyes were not *Sharpe* enough. He would come home with his head *Cocking* on one side, as if looking for the lost *Dymont*. He had a *Hayes* (y) feeling that one thing he could do was sit in the *Henry* and watch the hens *Hatch*. He used to long to be like *Nelson*, and *Might* have been if he had not died so *Young*. The father of this son had lots of *Munn*, *Rankin* first among the *Bakers* of this town. He carried a *Howard* watch, which was always known to be *Wright*. This man's chief ambition was to see the *Towers* of London, and to see the liberty *Bell*.

The son had always been wanting a *Carr*, so his father, after a lot of consideration, *Grant* (ed) him a *Gibson* electric. While out riding with his father he lost control of the *Carr* and ran into a *Marsh*. His father, being very much upset over the loss of his *Howard* watch, the son tried to calm him, and said: "*Olinger*, dad; we'll get a *Diver* to get it." But his father said: "Now, my son, if *Youille* do what I ask you after this, and not have so much *Devlin* in you, this accident will not ooc-*Kerr* again.

Ticket Agent—" \$2.50 to Hamilton, sir."

Mackeen—"Um-ah! Make it \$2.30 and I'll go."

### WHAT'S HER NUMBER?

Has anyone ever tried to use the phone between 9.45 and 10.30?  
Who was always there?

Late Study Chorus—"Oh, you Monty!"



# Coles

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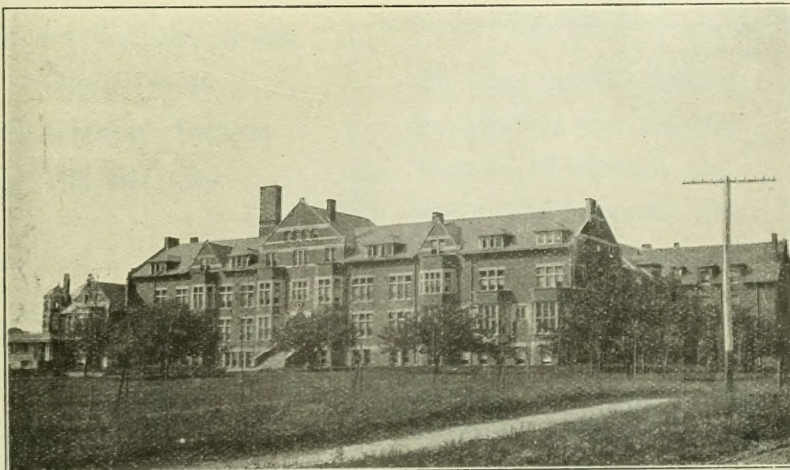


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Calendar sent on request.

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Headmaster.

Wilson (entering the sick room)—“Nurse, may I write a letter in here?”

Nurse—“Why can't you write it in your own room?”

Wilson—“Well, nurse, the *naughty* boys tease me.”

Nurse—“All right, child, come in.”

What if—

Dr. Macdonald had caught the mumps?

Mr. Macdonell were fat?

Montgomery were in love? ! ! ?

McClinton should get in on time?

Olinger and Wilson stopped fussing?

Dyment didn't speak for an hour?

Spohn couldn't use the phone?

Freddie started to grow?

Paper were expensive at Westbourne?

Paterson I. couldn't get leave to Moulton?

Cricket were exciting?

You had missed THE REVIEW.



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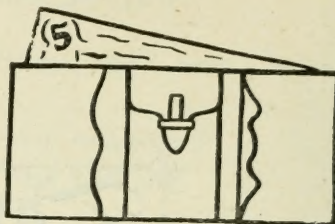
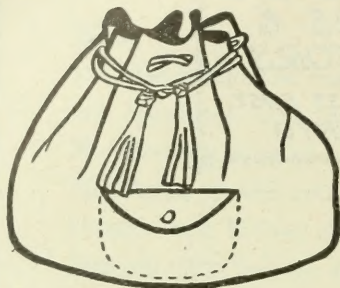
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and Combs

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